TWO BOOKES OF CONSTANCY:

BY

Iustus Lipsius.

LONDON,
Printed Anno Dom. 1653.

BOOKS

OF

CONSTANCY:

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Iustus Lipsius.

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LONDON,
Printed Anno Dom. 1595.

THus much to whoever ſhall ſee this Verſion; I did it careleſly, or perhaps it had been better; and to have redone it, had been beneath. I did it (as the Author ſaies of it) Non famæ, ſed meæ ſaluti; and as he, I ſay, Satis mihi pauci lectores, ſatis eſt unus, ſatis eſt nullus. I have found it (beyond all others) in all occurrences a boſome friend; ſo lov'd it, thence play'd with it; and I dare ſay, no man (ſo high reaſon ſpeaks it) never ſo wicked, growing into acquaintance with it, can continue a bad man. Here have I beſt learn'd the difference of reſt they take, who goe to bed drunk, and ſurfeited with blaſphemies, murders, plunders, &c. and they that lie down wrapt in innocency, with onely the Cordiall of a good conſcience; and I love ſhort nights: want of conſtancy, that is, of faith built on a divine foundation, cauſes many to ſtagger and fall, either through love of change, or

impatience, or ſucceſſe of a party; while who enjoy it, by no worldly occaſions are ſhaken, but with pleaſure ſee the comming on and ſhattering of thoſe threatning billowes,

(Illiſos fluctus rupes ut vaſta refundit,
& varias circumlatrantes diſſipat undas
mole ſua———)

which teatherd vainly think they have no bounds; and though it ſeem the higheſt worldly curſe, to be ſo tied up amore virtutis, *as not to dare to be wicked, for who ſees not the glory of them who dare ſo ſell themſelves, yet (ſince at the beſt it is but momentany, and that even here they are ſet in ſlippery places,*

Riſi ſucceſſu poſſe carere dolos,

often puniſhed with externall, ever with internall, nay eternall paines) the purchaſe is but an ill bargaine, elſe who would be fool-ridden, and ſo ſincerely cheated, as many are whoſe wits doe amply furniſh them for the cheat. As our Poet,

———In this world
There nothing are but Cheaters and Cheatees.

CON:

THE FIRST BOOK OF CONSTANCY: BY *JUSTUS LIPSIUS.*

CHAP. I.

A Complaint.

SOme yeers are paſt, ſince I my journey took,
Danubius pride, *Vienna* ſtrong to ſee,
Flying the troubles, of my native ſoile;
Turning aſide, (God ſurely was my guide)
To *Leige*, that pleaſant Town (I ſtraid not far)
To ſee ſome friends, love bound me to ſalute,
Mongſt whom, *Charles Langius*, one without *deceit*

Or *damb'd ambition*, beſt, and *Learnedſt man*
Belga could boaſt of, made me his bound gueſt.
Not onely mirth, and freedom, but beſides
Such uſefull Lectures, from him I received,
As *followed*, in all times, me render ſafe.
He, he it was, who opened firſt mine eyes,
Diſpel'd the dark Clouds, of my vulgar thoughts.
He, he it was, that ſhew'd me the ſtraight way
How I might come (as ſaid *Lucretiuus*) to

Thoſe temples, richly guilt,
By wiſe mens learning, built.

Iunes Sunne being warm, one day as we did walke
(Paſt noon) in's porch, he kindly did me aske
Of this my journey, and the cauſe thereof;
To whom, when I, of *Belgæ's* troubles, and
The Commanders, and Souldiers inſolence,
Had freely, and with truth diſcourſt, at laſt
I added, though that I abroad pretend
Other, yet this the true cauſe is; for who
My Charles, ſaid I, ſo firm a breſt, and heart
Of ſteel does beare, that longer can endure
Theſe ills? thou ſeeſt how many yeares the heat,
Of theſe uncivil civil wars have rag'd,
And like, as bluſtring Winds, ith foamy Sea;
So here, ſeditions, toſs us to and fro.
Sweet quiet, and lov'd reſt, loud Drums do break;
And claſhing arms, our Countrey pleaſures ſpoil,
Souldiers, and rogues, us into Cities force.
Wherefore, my *Langius*, Ile my Country quit.
(Whoſe genius pardon me) Ile change this ſoile

And

And flye to any part oth earth, where I
Nor name, nor act may hear, of *Pelops* race.
Langius admiring me, and ſomething mov'd,
So *Lipſius*, ſo, ſaid he; from us you'l go:
From you, ſaid I; or truly from this life,
How can I flye theſe ills, unleſſe by flight?
Nor is my breſt ſo ſteel'd, that daily I
Can ſee, and ſuffer them, no, no I can't:
At this did *Langius* ſigh, and youth ſaid he,
Weak milk-ſop youth; doſt ſafety ſeek by flight?
'Tis true thy Country is embroild, what though?
What part of *Europe*, at this day's not ſo?
That *Ariſtophanique*, thou maiſt foretell,
High thundring Jove, *doth Heaven mixe with Hell*:
Affections *Lipſius*, not thy Country fly,
So to be form'd, and ſtrengthn'd, is our mind,
As reſt in ſtormes, peace mids of armes, to find,
Too like a young man I, to leav't did urge,
Since that heard ills, do eaſlier ſtrike the mind,
Than ſeen, ſafe, when we'are out of harms way ſet
Thou heareſt not, what *Homer* wiſely ſaid,
Get further off, leaſt wound on wound, be laid.

CHAP. II.

Of Travell.

Then *Langius*, gently moving's head, I heare,
Said he; but wiſh, thou reaſons voice wouldſt hear,
And wiſdome, *Lipſius*; from opinions fumes,

Theſe fogs & clouds (which wrap thee in) do riſe,
Loſt, leſſe right reaſon draw thee out oth' miſt.
Thy browes enlightning, in dull darkneſſe hid,
Thou leav'ſt thy Country, tell me ſeriouſly.
In leaving it, doſt alſo leave thy ſelf?
No, no, with thee, and in thy breſt thou bear'ſt
The fount, and tinder of thy malady;
As they, who in a [illegible] toſs and turn
And change their bed, hoping in vain, for eaſe:
So who, with a ſick mind, his Country quits,
Diſcovers his diſeaſe, but cures it not:
His breſt diſtemper'd ſhewes, but heales it not.
The Roman wiſeman, elegantly thus,

The ſick man nothing long endures,
ſeekes change, as remedy,
Vaine travels hence, he undertakes,
and many ſhores does try;
Now on the Seas, he toſſed is,
now Land, doth try again:
Thus through his lightneſſe, preſent things
doe ſtill infeſt his brain.

So you your troubles rather flye, then ſhun,
Like to that hinde, which *Virgil does deſcribe,*

Who heedleſſe, 'mong the Creſſian woods
a Swain, with dart purſues,
At diſtance ſtruck, ſhe in her flight
doth wander thorow groves,
Leaps the Dictæan ſprings;

But all in vain, for as the Poet adds,

Still faſtned in her ſides,

The

The fatall reed abides.

So you, that with wilde passions wounded are,
Thus quit them not; but with you bear them still.
Who breaks his leg, or arm, nor Horse, nor Coach
But Surgeon sure does seek: yet vainly thou,
Thy inward grief, with travel, think'st to cure,
Thy mind is sick, and weak's all outward means,
Despair, and pining, still will keep it down,
The Prince, thy soul, his Scepter has resign'd,
And's grown so base, he gladly serves his slaves.
Tell, tell me then, what place, can help thy pain,
Unless perchance, some aire, can temper feare,
Or bridle hope; or draw that poyson out
So largely drunk, of vice; ah, but ther's none,
No not ith' Isles oth' blessed, if there be
But shew it us, and wee'l all thither hye.
O but thou saist, change, hath this force it self,
'Tcan raise the groveling mind, with various
Of manners, men, and places, thou dost erre, (sights
What this can doe, Ile seriously thee tell.
Travell, I censure not, as if by it,
No profit came to men, and their affects.
Yes, yes, but such, as to light griefs, give ease,
But cures not such, as deeply rooted are,
No outward Medicines, to these pains, do good.
Wine, mirth, and sleep, not rarely, cures, do work
On anger, grief, and love, but no help bring
To rooted ills, that fast, have fixt their feet:
So Travell, happily, light cares, may cure,
But great ones, never, they'l stick, and return.

What

What from, or in the body, or minds brink
Ariſe, no marvel, though with eaſe wip't off:
But ills inveterate, that rule the ſoul,
Won't ſo away. When thou haſt wandred long
And compaſt, Earth and Sea, no Sea, will drown,
No earth, will hide them, but they'l follow thee,
And black curſt cares abide,
where ere thou go or ride.
To one who aske, ſage *Socrates*, the cauſe,
Why Travel, nought at all, did profit him,
He anſwer'd; 'cauſe thy ſelf, thou didſt not leave:
So I, to thee, fly where thou wilt, a foule
Corrupting mind, with thee, thoul't bear about,
An ill Companion, and I would but ſo,
But guide I fear, for that thy paſſions ſtrong
Don't follow thee, but draw thee all along.

CHAP. III.

Of Travell and Conſtancy.

Does Travel then, true griefs, no whit allay,
Hills, fields, and floods, oft ſeen, not eaſe the mind?
Yes, yes ſome eaſe they bring, but ſhort, and weak,
As Pictures, though exact, not long delight:
So change of men, & place, ſhort time does pleaſe;
This but diverſion is, from grief, no flight,
This looſes not the chain, but gives it eaſe,
Small comfort has a wretch, by th' Sun to paſſe
Into a darker Dungeon, then before.

So

So all these outward pleasures us insnare,
Seeming to helpus, they do hurt us more.
As weaker Physicks, move ill humours, but
Expell them not, so vain delights, increase
The flux of our affects: when as the mind,
Returns (as sure it will) to's former home.
The very seeing of those Towns and Hills,
Will force thy thoughts unto thy Country back:
And in the height of all thy joyes, thoul't heare
Something that will renew thy griefe, and if
Some quiet, like a slumber, give thee ease,
Waking; thy feaver will more fiercely burn.
Desires, thus thwarted grow, get strength by fits,
Leave, *Lipsius*, then these vain, and hurtfull wayes,
Poysons, not remedies, firm truth, admit:
Change not thy Sun, and soil, but rebell mind,
From reason, its leige Lady, drawne away.
This treason, brings despair, guilt, down-cast looks
Change then thy mind, not place, and new man be:
Thou fertile *Germany*, desir'st to view,
And faithfull to her Prince, *Vienna* strong,
Danubius, King of Rivers, with such sights,
As greedily, the hearers do drink in.
But better 'twere, that this, thy great desire
To wisdome were, her fruitfull fields, to plow,
The springs of humane troubles, to find out,
Towers, and Forts to build, thee to defend,
From the assaults, of thine own vain affects;
These, of thy griefs, are the true remedies,
All others vain, from this thy jant, no help,

No help, that out ſo many Towns,
thou an eſcape, haſt made,
Or that, in midſt of enemies
thou wert not over-laid.

Thou, thine own enemy art, thy breſt, thy foe.
Why quiet places, ſeek'ſt thou? thou warres, and
Troubles, with thee, about thee, in thee bear'ſt,
Thy wrangling mind, does fight, and ever will
With thee, by luſt, flight, hope, and by deſpair.
As young raw Souldiers, who for fear do fly,
Themſelves (unarm'd) in greater danger, bring:
So's young raw youth, who never griefs, withſtood
But thou, young man, if unto me, thou'lt liſt,
Thou firm ſhalt ſtand, ſtoutly reſiſt thy foes,
With *Conſtancy* 'bove all things, thou ſhalt fight,
And fighting, ſome, have won, none, ere by flight.

CHAP. IV.

Conſtancy, Pacience, Right reaſon, and Opinion, defined.

At theſe his ſpeeches, I my ſelfe, did rouſe.
Thy precepts brave, and high, ſaid I, m'have rais'd;
Yet but as men, in ſleep, I vainly ſtrive,
I am call'd back, unto my native home,
Publick, and private cares, my mind doe ſeiſe,
Do thou (if ought thou canſt) drive far away
Theſe vulturs, that ſo wound me with their beaks
And looſe me, from theſe bonds of cares, in which

So

So fast I'me bound, on this cold Caucasus.
Then *Langius* smiling, said; Ile set thee free,
A *Hercules*; *Prometheus* I will save,
Attend but thou, and intend, what I say,
To *Constancy* I, *Lipsius*, did thee call,
In which, all hope of safety, thou should'st place:
Then fit tis, it fore all things, thou shouldst know,
A right, and unmov'd strength of mind (I call)
Firm Constancy, with outward things, not rais'd:
Nor chance, depress't. Strength I it call, by which
A setled firmnesse, in the mind I mean,
Not from opinion, but right reason drawn;
All pervicacy, I do quite exclude,
The strength of Spirits, that are obstinate,
Puft up with pride, and vain glory, yet strength,
No doubt it is, such swel'd, and heady sprights
Not easily, are depress't, but easily rais'd:
Like to a Vessel light, by stormes scarce drown'd
Cause of its innate pronenes, for to flote. (spring's
Their swelling hardness is, not strength, whose
From pride, and too much self conceit, that is,
Opinion, but Constancies true Mother,
Meek patience is, and humblenesse of mind,
Which thus I do define. *What things so ere,*
To crosly happen, or befall to Man,
To suffer freely, and without complaint,
Which, with right reason undertane, 's the base
On which, the high frame of this strength, is built.
But here take heed, Opinion, thee not cheat,
Which often does intrude, dull sloth of mind,

And

And abject baſeneſſe, into patience place.
A vice, that riſes, from a low conceipt;
But Vertue, takes the mean, and wiſely guides
Her actions ſo, not to abound, or want,
All things, in reaſons ſcale ſhe weighs, and makes
Her ſquare, and rule, of whatſoere, ſhe does.
Right Reaſon, nothing is, but this, *A true*
Judgement, and ſence, of low things, and Divine.
Opinion 's juſt contrary, *Of the ſame,*
A judgement rendring, that is falſe, and lame.

CHAP. V.

Of Reaſon and opinion.

But ſince from Reaſon, and Opinion, doe
(As from two heads) not onely ſtrength, ariſe,
And weakneſſe, of the mind; but alſo all
Both praiſe, and diſpraiſe, that to life belongs:
I think it good, and uſefull for to ſcan
The nature, and originall of both.
As wool, or cloth, before its laſt dye, takes,
Is often dipt: ſo *Lipſius*, muſt thy mind,
(Before, that it, can take the purple dye
Of Conſtancy) theſe notions firſt perpend.
In man, two parts there are, Body, and Soule:
This Nobler is, Spirit like to, and fire:
That baſer, like to earth, betwixt them is
A jarring concord; nor can they agree,
Since of the Empire, both, would beare the ſway,

And

And chiefly, who ſhould not, the earth does ſtrive
To get above his fire, durt, 'bove the ſpheare.
Hence conflicts, troubles, and continuall fights
Man's peace, diſturb, who leads the battels on,
Are Reaſon, and Opinion; this, does fight
The Body; that, the Soule, for to maintain.
Reaſon, from Heaven comes, from God himſelfe,
And *Seneca*, her highly doth ſet forth,

A part, of Gods own ſpright,
In man plac't, him to light.

And 'tis from her, that we, do know and judge,
The Soule is man's perfection, and is call'd
By Greeks, and Latines, the minds mind, erre not;
Tis not the whole Soule, that right Reaſon is,
But what in it, is ſimple, whole, unmixt,
Sever'd, from clammy dregs, that heavenly is.
For though, the ſoule infected be with filth
Oth' body, ſenſes contagion, yet ſhe
Of her high birth, ſome footſteps, does retaine,
And of her firſt pure fire, ſome ſparks, doe ſhine;
Hence, even looſe, and wicked men, have pricks
Of conſcience, hence, inward ſtripes, and gripes,
Hence, they approve a good life, who live ill.
This holy, healthfull part, may be preſt down,
But not oppreſt: this fire, may covered be,
But not put out; ſome ſparks will ſtill give light,
In blackeſt darkneſſe, and will purge the aire,
And give ſome light, in crooked waies, to finde
The way to Vertue, and firme Conſtancy.
For as the Heliotrope, and Marigold,

Turn to the Sunne, ſo reaſon, unto God
Her ſelfe does turn, firm, and unmov'd in good,
Deſiring, flying, ever the ſame things,
Right counſels, and right judgements, fount and ſpring.
Whom to obey, is to command, to be
Her ſubject, is above all humane things.
Who ever, her, doth here, ſhall eaſily quell
All luſts, and ſwelling motions, of the mind,
And as, with *Theſeus* clue, who follows her,
Shall eaſily paſſe, through errors Labyrinths.
E'en God, himſelfe, by this his image, comes
To us; nay more, is in us, one right ſaid,
There's no good mind, unleſſe
The good God doe it bleſſe.
As for Opinion, that unwholſome part,
Who owes her birth, to th' body, that is earth,
And above earth, does ſavour nought at all.
The Body, though't be, ſenceleſſe of it ſelfe,
Yet life, and motion, from the Soule, it takes,
And it, to th' Soule, does render forms of things,
By th' ſenſes windows, ſo a fellowſhip
Betwixt them, there is made, but ſuch a one,
As look, to th' end, to th' Soule, is ſmally good.
By it, ſhe is brought down, from her own height,
And mixt with ſenſes, whoſe impurity
Begets Opinion, which is nothing elſe
But Reaſons ſhade, and vain imagery,
Whoſe ſeat, is ſenſe, and whoſe extract, is earth;
So being abject, vile, no heights does ſeek,
Nor clouds aſcend; vain, nought arguing right,
Incertain,

Incertain, fooliſh, nothing judging right.
Spoiling the mind, of conſtancy, and truth,
To day deſires, what the next day, it loathes,
Nothing by judgement, but by ſenſe, approves,
And as the eye, does falſe proportions take
Of objects under water, ſo the mind, (weigh'd
Sees through opinions cloud, who (if well
Is mother of all ills, to wretched man:
Shee brings confuſed trouble, to our life,
Cares do us vex, and our affects, diſtract,
And vices govern in us, all from her.
Who will from tyranny, themſelves ſet free,
In the firſt place, the Citadels ſubvert:
So we, if our minds freedom, will enjoy,
Muſt (of Opinion) raze, the battering Fort.
Toſs'd with Opinions, we ſtill doubtfull are,
Troubled, complaining, nor to God, nor man,
Their dues, can pay, like to an empty Ship,
That in the Sea, is toſſed to, and fro,
So is our vagrant mind, unleſs it bee
With Reaſon, ballaſted, and Conſtancy.

CHAP. 6.

The praiſe of Conſtancy.

With lightneſs, ſee, Opinion coupled is,
Whoſe proper, is to change, and to repent.
With Reaſon, Conſtancy, which to put on
I ſeriouſly exhort, wherefore to vain

And outward things, doſt by, ſhe *Hellen* is,
That unto thee, the true Nepenth, doth fill,
Which will thee make, all care and grief forget,
Which hads't thou once drunk down, upright (thoud'ſt ſtand,
And firm 'gainſt fortunes force, not tottering
As in a ſkale, but thee, next God himſelf;
Thou firmly wouldſt enroote, not to be moov'd.
Haſt thou not ſeen, in Banners of great Kings.
This lofty motto (*Nor with fear, nor Hope!*)
It ſhall be thine, who a true King ſhalt bee,
And truly free, ſubject to none but God,
Free, from the yoak of Fortune, and Affects,
As are thoſe Rivers, that are ſaid to paſs,
Through the ſalt main, yet keep their waters pure
So thou, through heady tumults, ſafe ſhalt paſs,
Not tainted, with the brackiſh Sea of griefs.
What, though thou fall, thee *Conſtancy*, ſhall raiſe,
And though thou totter, ſhe ſhall thee ſuſtain,
To hanging, or to drowning though thou run,
Shee comfort ſhall, & bring thee back from death.
Raiſe onely but thy ſelf, and guide thy Ship
Into this Port, where in ſecurity,
And peace does dwell, from cares the ſafe Aſſile,
Which hadſt thou once faſt hold on, thy Coun-
Not only troubled ſhould, but ruin'd bee; (try,
Yet thou thy ſelf upright, unhurt ſhouldſt ſtand;
Though Thunder, Clouds, and Tempeſts thee (ſurround,
Thould'ſt cry aloud: ith' mids oth' Waves l'me (ſound.

Chap. 7.

Of false Goods, and false Evills.

When (*Langius*) with a voice, & look, more fierce
Then usuall, this had spoke, on me I found
Of this good fire, that some sparks had seiz'd,
And father, said I; (so I right thee call)
Lead me, and teach, correct, and me direct,
A patient, for all Physick, fit thou hast,
Or fire, or steel, if so thou please, them use:
Yes both, said *Langius*, for Opinions straw,
Must be burnt up, and Trees, of thy Affects,
Must be stockt up, by th'Roots, but shall we walk,
Or wer't not better, that we did sit down,
Let's sit, said I, for I am very warm,
Yet not, with one cause onely; then some seats
Into the porch, did *Langius*, bid be brought,
I sitting by him, unto me he turn'd,
And thus again began, as yet I've laid,
But the foundations, *Lipsius*; upon which
My future Speech, more fitly may be built;
But now I will come nearer, and the cause,
Of this thy grief enquire, and with my hand
(As wont is to be said) thy sore I'le touch.
Two enemies, there are, which do assault
In us, this Bulwark of our Constancy.
False Goods, and *Evills false*, so both I call
Which not in us, but 'bout us, make abode,
Which properly, the inward man, our mind,
Nor help at all, nor yet at all do hurt,
So these nor Goods, nor Evils, do I call

In right good reaſon: but in vulgar ſence,
And in opinion, ſo they counted are.
In the firſt claſſe, are numbred *Honours*, *Wealth*,
Power, *Health*, *long Life*, ith' latter *Infamy*,
Poverty, *Meanneſs*, *Death and Sickneſſes*:
And in one word, the whole to comprehend,
What ever outward is, or caſuall.
From this two-headed Tree, in us does grow
Thoſe four Affects, are called Capitall.
Which our whole courſe of life, ſo much diſturb
Joy, *Hope*, *Fear*, *Grief*, of which, the former too,
Look at ſome ſeeming good, from whence they'r
The latter two, at ill, hurt and diſturb (ſprun
The mind, and not prevented, caſt it down,
By ſeverall wayes, for when that quiet reſt,
And Conſtancy, as in an equall scale,
Have juſtly poiz'd it, they this poize do ſwerv
By lifting up, or elſe by pulling down.
Falſe Goods, that do lift up, I now let paſs,
(not being thy grief) and to *Falſe Ills* I come,
Which twofold are; *publick*, and *private Ills*,
publick, I thus define, *whoſe ſenſe, belongs,*
To many, at one, and the ſelf-ſame time.
private, whoſe ſenſe, does touch particulars.
'Mong thoſe, I reekon *VVarre*, *plague*, *Tyranny*,
Famine, *and ſlaughter*, *common out-door griefs.*
'Mongſt theſe, *grief*, *poorneſs*, *infamy and death*,
And whatſoever elſe, within doors we
In every ſingle man, conſider may.
Not without cauſe, have I diſtinguiſht thus,

F

For that in truth, another kind of grief,
Does man poſſeſs, for's Countries miſeries,
The ſeverall baniſhments, and plunderings,
Then for's own, onely one, add unto theſe,
The ſeverall Diſeaſes, of them both,
Which; (or I am deceiv'd) more grievous are
From the firſt ills, I'me ſure more violent.
To publick ills, we all obnoxious are,
For that, with violence, they us invade,
Or if reſiſted, they us over-whelm:
Or that, they with ambition, flatter us,
Making us not to feel, or not confeſs,
Our ſickneſſes of mind, from them to ſpring.
Who ever yielded hath, to private grief,
Is forc't, this vice, and weakneſs to confeſs,
(For how can he deny't?) though mend, he wo'nt.
But ſome, there be, a taint, wo'nt it confeſs,
But rather, boaſt, praiſe-worthy, it to bee,
And *piety*, and *pitty*, do it call.
And this adored Fervour, fain would place,
Amongſt the virtues, if not Deities.
Poets, and Orators, do highly 'xtoll,
And much inculcate, this ſame fervent love,
Unto our native ſoile: nor certainly,
Do I explode it, but I do averre,
It moderate, and tempered, ought to bee;
for it is not a ſore, diſtemper, or
A caſting down oth' mind, from its great height,
But rather, a deep ſickneſs, for 'tis not
One onely grief, but mixt, thine, and others,

Which others, twofold is, or cauſ'd for men,
Or for our Country, all which, for it ſeems
By me abſtruſely, for to be defin'd,
I will, by 'xample ſhew: thy *Belga* ſee
Not with one miſchief, preſt, but with the flam
Of this ſame civill Warre, inviron'd round.
Thou ſeeſt, the Lands laid waſt, and plundered,
The Cities burnt, and overthrown, the men
Taken, and ſlain, matrons polluted, and
The Virgins raviſht, and what other things,
Accompany dire warre, from hence thy griefe,
Thy grief, but ſee if't be, one kind of grief,
With which thon mourn'ſt thy ſelf, thy Citizens
And thy dear Country, thine own dammages,
The Citizens misfortunes, and the change
Of thy ſad Country, ſtates ſubverſion.
One thing, it is, to cry, ah wretched I;
Another, to complain, my Citizens
Are ſlain, with hoſtile arm, remorſeleſs plague.
Another for to cry, my Country deare;
Who, with th' invaſion, of ſo many heaps
Of Ills, not moved is, moſt certainly,
Hard hearted he, or very wiſe muſt bee.

CHAP. 8.

Of Simulation.

How, iſt ynough, my *Lipſius*; that I ſeem
My Conſtancy, thus to prævaricate,

An

And 'ſtead thereof, thy cauſe of grief to plead.
But I have done, as valiant Leaders uſe,
I've drawn into the field, and rang'd thy Troops,
With which, moſt ſtrongly, now I will conteſt,
But firſt as 'twere, in skirmiſh, then in fight,
Colours flying, ith' skirmiſh, I do meet
With three Affects, that muſt be trampled down,
Foes, to Conſtancy, firſt *Simulation*,
Then *piety*, then *pitty*, firſt, oth' firſt,
Thou doſt deny, thou publick ills, canſt beare,
'Tis death to thee, ſo much therefore's, thy grief.
But is this ſerious, or a painted ſhew?
To whom (I mov'd) doſt ſeriouſly me aske,
Or doſt but mock, why ſeriouſly, ſaid he;
There's not a few, who ſick of your diſeaſe
Phyſitians cozen, and do counterfeit
A publike grief, which truly private is.
I therefore aske, if thou art well aſſur'd
This care, that boiles ſo in thee, and moleſts
Thee ſo, be ſuffer'd, for thy Countries cauſe,
Or for thine own, doſt doubt it? anſwer'd I;
All this, my grief, is for my Countries cauſe.
Thy Countries (nodding's head) ſaid he, young (man,
Yet think again, for if in thee be plac't
This ſincere piety, I wonder ſhall,
'Tis ſurely, but in few, yet I confeſs,
Men often do complain, of publick Ills,
Nor is there ought ſo common, we may ſee't,
In each mans face; but if we nearer pry,
A long wide diſtance is 'twixt tongue, and heart.

Their lofty words, not true, (*My Countries Ills*
Me truly, move) from the lips, outward ſpoke.
What is reported, of the Stage-Player
The noble *Pole*, when he did act a part
At *Athens*, where in grief, ſhould be expreſt,
He privately, did bring upon the Stage,
The Urne, and aſhes, of his own dead Sonne,
So with true grief, he fill'd the Theatre.
The ſame may I here ſay, of ſome of you,
You act a *Comedy*, and grieve your own,
Private ſad loſſes, in your Countries name,
The whole world, play the Players, (ſaid *Petrone*)
Theſe civill Warres, ſay they; do us oppreſs,
Theſe bloudy butcherings, of innocents,
The death of all our Lawes, and Liberties.
So, ſo, I ſee your griefs; but doubt the cauſe,
Is't, for the publick Ills? (the Players here)
No, no, 'tis for your own, we oft do ſee,
The Countrey Swains, with trembling for to meet,
And holding up their hands, with fear to pray,
When Floods, or Tempeſts threaten ſcarcity:
But aske thou them (when as the fright is paſt)
Each man apart, and thou ſhalt find his feare
Was for's own proper Corn, or meadow Land.
The cry is great ith' City, fire, fire.
The lame, the blind do run the ſame to quench;
Is't for the love doſt think, that each one beares
Toth' City? no, enquire it of themſelves,
It is, becauſe the fire, each one may reach,
At leaſt, the fear does ſo: ſo is it here;

The

The publick Ills, do trouble every one,
Not for the publick hurt, but for their own.

CHAP. 9.

Of Simulation.

Thou being Judge, and in thy proper Court
This cauſe ſhall pleaded be, but as of old,
The doors ſet open wide, that all may hear.
Thou fears't this Warre, and why, becauſe that warrs
Plague, Famine, Ruine ſtill accompany.
The Plague, without reſpect, away doth ſweep,
And very poſſibly, may fall on thee,
Hence (if without the rack, thou wilt confeſs)
The ſpring, and ſource, is of thy malady:
As, when a Thunder-bolt, on man does paſh,
All are affrighted, that do but ſtand by;
So, in theſe great, and common miſeries,
All are affrighted, though all are not hurt.
Which fright remov'd, there's no diſeaſe remains.
There's warrs, among the *Blacks*, or *Indians*, wag'd
This moves not thee, thou out oth' danger art;
O but there's Warrs, at home, thou crys't, laments
And ſtrikes thy breaſt, but if for publick Ills (ſaiſt,
Thou griev'ſt, why not, as well for th' firſt, thou
That not thy Countrey is, thou foole, are not
Thoſe men ofth' ſame off-ſpring, with thee come?
Live they not under, the ſame vault of heaven,
And on the ſame Earths face? and doſt thou think

This

This little ſpot of ground, theſe Hills ſurround,
Theſe waters compaſs, all thy Countrey is?
Thou errs't; the World thy Country is, where ere
Men being have (ſprung from cæleſtiall ſeed)
Bravely did *Socrates* (to one who ask't
What Countrey-man he was) make this reply,
A Citizen oth' world, for what brave mind,
And lofty ſpirit, will it ſelf, ſhut up,
Within thoſe bounds, are by opinion made:
But rather, with his thoughts (no where confin'd)
embrace the univerſe, as 'twere his own.
We ſee, and laugh at fools, who ſtill do ſtand
Ty'd with a ſtraw, as with true Fetters bound:
Such fooles are we, bound with Opinions chain;
Unto one part oth' Earth; but theſe ſtrong meats
(Stronger I fear then thou canſt well digeſt)
I will paſſe by, I onely this will adde,
If a protecting God, in this ſame Warre
Thy Lands unplunder'd, and thy Houſe unſearcht
Thy money ſafe ſhould keep, thee on a Hill
Should place, hid in a *Homers* cloud, wouldſt thou
Then grieve? of thee I dare it not averr:
But ſome there are, who rather, would rejoyce,
And feed their greedy eyes, with ſights of death;
Doſt ſtart, and wonder? joy at others harms,
Is innate malice, plac't in humane breſts?
Like as ſome ſoure Apples, pleaſe the taſt:
So others harms, to us do bring delight.
Place me a man, in ſafety on the ſhore,
Viewing a Shipwrack, it will move him ſure:

Yet

Yet not without, ſome kind, of minds delight,
In others dangers, that hee's, not involv'd:
But then again, place me, the ſelf-ſame man
In that ſame drowning Ship, hee'l grieve I trow
Another kind of grief, ſo when we have
Said all we can, juſt ſo it is with us,
And we our proper griefs, do truly mourn.
Yet publick thou; truly ſaid *Pindarus*,

VVe for our own miſhaps,
our ſelves oppreſs,
Bnt for anothers harms,
our griefs far leſs.

Wherefore at length, my *Lipſius*; do remove
Theſe ſhadowing Hangings, & the Curtains draw
And without all diſſimulation, ſhew
Thy ſelf, to us, in thy griefs, proper hue.

CHAP. 10.

Of love to our Countrey.

This his firſt skirmiſh, ſeemed to me rough,
Which interrupting, what a freedom's this,
Said I; or rather bitterneſs of ſpeech?
Thou doſt ſo prick, and pinch me, that I am
Compell'd with *Euripides* to cry,

Adde not unto the ſick,
more grief, and pain,
Already I, with hurts,
am almoſt ſlain.

Langius, then laughing, what ſaid he; a ſop,

Or

Or honied drink, doſt thou from me expect,
Who but, ev'n now, didſt fire, and ſteel require?
'Tis a Philoſopher, thou now doſt heare,
No *Piper, Lipſius*; whoſe end is, to teach
Not dance, to profit, not to pleaſe: rather
To ſhame thee, & to make thee bluſh, then laugh,
To make thee penitent, then to exult;
Where now is the Phyſicians Shop?
O men I will you tell,
It is in the Philoſophers,
deep hid myſterious Cell.
Did *Rufus* cry of old? to which we runne
Not for our pleaſure, but for our health ſake.
'Tis a Phyſitian, that won't flatter thee
With gentle touches, but will raze the skin
and tent thee deep, and eat away the filth,
Of thy proud mind, with precepts, that are ſharp.
So that hereafter, *Lipſius*; look not for
Roſes, or *Lavender*, or *Cheſbole* ſoft;
But *Thorns* and *pricks*, *Wormwood*, and *Vinegar*.
To whom ſaid I; if ſo I may thee tell,
Thou ill, with me, and cruelly, doſt deal
Nor like a Champion brave, doſt fair play ſhew;
But me ſupplanteſt, with thy ſubtleties.
Thou ſaiſt, we fainedly, our Countrey grieve
Not for its own ſake, what? am I then falſe?
I tell thee truly, ſome reſpect I have
In't to my ſelf, but not the onely one:
I mourn my Country, above all reſpects,
And muſt, and will it mourn, although that I

No portion had in its ſad miſeries.
And for good cauſe, for why: was it not ſhe
Firſt gave me life, cheriſht, and nouriſht me?
Moſt holy ancient Mother, ſhee's eſteem'd,
But thou, me the whole World, for Country giv'ſt
Who it denies, but thoul't alſo confeſs,
Beſides this great, and common Country, we
Have one peculiar, and more definite,
To which, more ſtrictly, w'are by *Nature* bound:
Unleſs, thou think, that no attractive force
Be in that native ſoile, we firſt lay on,
And trampled with our feet, whoſe air, we drew,
In which our infancy, did cry, our Child-
hood play, our youth did exerciſe, and learn,
Where to our eyes, the Rivers, grounds, and aire
Familiars be, wherein a long ſet courſe,
Friends, kindred we enjoy, ſuch tickling joyes,
As elſewhere may be ſought, but all in vain.
Nor this, a weak thread, of opinion is
(As thou doſt urge) but natures Fetters ſtrong
Go to the Creatures, ſee the wilde Beaſts love
Their Dens, the Birds their Neſts, ith' boundles Sea
The Fiſhes joy, in one ſet certain part.
And men, or civill, or *Barbarians*
So wedded are, unto their native ſoile,
As there's no man, that doubts for it to die,
And in it. Therefore, *Langius*, this thy new
And rigid wiſdom, Ile not follow I:
But rather *Euripid*, who does averr,

Neceſſity

Neceſſity does all compell,
their native Countrey to love well.

CHAP. XI.

Of falſe Piety.

At this ſame ſpeech, did *Langius* move his head,
Young man, ſaid he; thy *Piety's* ſo great,
That in great danger, his Sir-name to loſe;
Is ſure the Brother, of *Marke Antonine.*
But fitly, here, offers it ſelfe to us
This ſame Affect, playing before the maine
Battalia, which before I did deſigne
For to encounter, and to proſtrate with
My Lance, and pull from him, the richeſt ſpoiles,
Which 'bove, all others, hee's adorned with.
This love, unto our Countrey, vulgarly
Is called *Piety*, why; (I profeſs)
I neither know, nor ſuffer can, for why
Should it be called *Piety*, which is
A virtue high I know, nor properly
Ought elſe, but, *A due, and lawfull Honour,*
And love, unto our God, and parents deare.
How does our countrey her intrude it ſelf?
Becauſe ſay you; our holy parent ſhe,
And ancient's is, *O fooles, injurious*
Not onely unto reaſon, but unto,
Even natures ſelf, it parent, why; or how;
I do not ſee, and thou if more acute
thou art, good *Lipſius*; lighten my dull eyes:
Becauſe thou ſaiſt; thee't entertainment gave;

Why

Why ſo, would any In-keeper, have done.
It cheriſht thee; much better did thy Nurſe.
It nouriſht thee; the Trees, the Beaſts, the corne
This dayly do; as do thoſe bodies great,
Which thou not own'ſt, *Earth*, *Fire*, *Water*, *Air*.
Laſtly, do but remove thy ſelfe, thoul't find
All other Lands, will do the ſelf-ſame thing.
Their words, in water writ, that nought expreſs
But vulgar, and unprofitable ſence,
Drawn, from opinion: for thoſe onely are,
Our Parents, who begot, form'd, and us bore:
Whoſe ſeed, of ſeed, whoſe bloud, of bloud we are
Whoſe fleſh, of fleſh, with whom, if ought ariſe,
From this, our Country, may with them, compare.
I won't deny, but I this Piety
Oppugne, with leaden darts, that cannot hurt,
Yet learned men, and great, ſo give it out,
En paſſant, I confeſs; to fame, not truth.
Which if thou needs, wilt follow, that ſame high
And holy name, leave unto God, or if
Thou wilt unto thy Parents: this Affect,
Eene at its beſt, let it contented be,
With th' honeſt title, of bleſt *Charity*.
As yet the name, but now the thing let's ſcan,
All which, I truly, do not take away,
But temper, and as 'twere, with the ſharp knife
Of reaſon, I it pare, like as the Vine,
Unleſs you prune it, largely ſpreads it ſelf:
So thoſe affects, whoſe ſailes, are fill'd with aire
Of popular breath; but freely I confeſs

(I have not yet, my *Lipsius*, so put off
Or man, or Citizen) some love there is,
And inclination in us all, to this
Our smaller Country, but from whence, *I* see;
The cause, & spring to thee's, not plainly known,
'Tis not, from natures force, but 'tis a Law
In us, by institution grown, when men,
From rude, and solitary lives, in fields,
Compell'd were into Towns, and did begin
Houses, and Walls, to build, and companies
To make, and rudely to assaile, and to
Defend, then necessarily there did
Communion 'mongst them rise, & in most things
A fellowship, joyntly they *Lands*, and *Bounds*
Kept and enjoy'd, promiscuously they us'd
Their *Temples*, *Markets*, *Treasuries*, and *Courts*;
And what most bindes, *Laws*, *Rights*, *Ceremonies*.
Which things, then did their avaricious minds
So love, and care for, as they'd ben their owne;
Nor did they erre, for then each one, in all
Had common right; which differ'd not at all
From private, but that 'twas not one mans call'd.
Thus they assembled, did put on the face
As 'twere of a new State, which we do call
A Common-wealth, or Country properly,
In which, when men did truly understand
Of how much moment, 'twas, to each mans good:
They laws did make it, to defend and help:
Or Customs, like to laws, deriv'd to them
From their fore-fathers; hence 'tis, we do joy.

Her

Her profits, grieve her miſeries, becauſe,
In truth, our private wealth, ſhe ſafe, is ſafe,
She fallings loſt: hence growes our charity,
And love to her, which for the publique good,
(To it, God's hidden providence us draw's)
Our anceſtors increaſt, by words, and deeds,
Raiſing in us, our Countries, high eſteem.
From inſtitution then, comes this affect
If I may judge; if it from *Nature* came,
As thou pretend'ſt, why not alike, in all?
Not equally diffus'd? why do the rich,
And Noblemen more love, and care for it?
Leſs the plebian, and the indigent,
Whoſe cares, in publick loſſes, all may ſee.
Which otherwayes, would happen, certainly
In all affects, from Natures will deriv'd.
Laſtly, what cauſe cans't bring, that ſo light cauſe,
Does leſſen this Affect, nay tak't away,
Some anger, others love, ambition ſome,
Tice from their Country, and e'ene at this day
How many, hath the gripple God, entic't,
Leaving, that Queen of Countries, *Italy?*
Her Natives, have remov'd, to *Germany*,
To *France*, *Sarmatia* cold, and all for gain.
How many thouſand *Spaniards*, yearly (mov'd
With avarice, or ambition) ſeek remote
Strange Countries, living under a new Sunne.
Great truly, and ſtrong arguments, this bond
Externall is, and from opinion, which
Onely deſire, can ſo raſhly break.

But widely, thou doſt erre, in bounding in,
This Country, *Lipſius*; thou doſt it reſtrain,
To that ſame native ſoil, we firſt lay on,
And trampled with our feet, and what beſides?
with empty noiſe of words, thou grat'ſt mine ears.
In vain, from hence, thoul't ſeek the hidden cauſe
Of this ſame love; for if that name be bound,
Unto our native ſoile, why onely then
Bruxels, my Country is, *Iſſea* thine,
Anothers, a thatcht Cottage, or magar,
To many, even the Woods, and open fields.
Should then my love, within ſo narrow bounds
Confined be, onely this Houſe, or Town,
As Country, would I favour, and defend.
Lo here thy trifles; then how happy men
(You ſo defining) are the *Silvans* rude,
Whoſe native Forreſts, alwayes flouriſhing,
Are plac't, out of all danger of theſe harmes.
But truly, that is not a Country, no,
But *ſome one State*, (as I have ſaid) As 'twere
One Ship, under one King, or elſe one Law,
A Country is, which, if thou think is juſt
By'ts Citizens to be belov'd, Ile grant,
To be defended, Ile acknowledge it,
Nay e'ven for it to die, Ile it admit.
But not that one ſhould grieve, pine, and lament.

To die for our country,
Is pleaſant and comely,

Said the *Venuſian* Poet, with applauſe;
But die, he ſaid; not weep; for ſo we ought

Good

Good Citizens to be, as also we
May be good men, which we do leave to be,
When into womanish complaints, we fall.
Lastly my *Lipse*; a high, hid mystery
Into thee Ile instill, do thou whole man
Behold, and thou wilt think these Countries all
Both vain, and false to be, some may perhaps
Our bodies soil, be call'd, but none, our mindes;
Who come, from that high dwelling, does enjoy
But as its prison, all this large wide earth.
For Heaven, its true, and proper Country is,
To which, we all must look, and from our hearts
Unto that foolish plaint, *No care thou takest*
Of this thy courtry with him make reply
O for that Country Sir, is all my care,
And hands, and minds, let's lift high, into th' air.

CHAP. XII.

Of Pitty.

Langius perceiving, from my mind, a Cloud
To be dispel'd, by this his speech, then I
Unto him said; my good old man, thou giv'st
By Doctrine, and advice, to me much ease,
And now I plainly see, that this Affect,
Which to our Countrey is, may tempered be.
But yet I do not see, how that may bee,
Which men we owe, for how is't possible
My Countries hurts, me anguish should not bring
Even for the Citizens, and peoples sakes,

Who toſſed are, in this ſame Sea, of woes,
By various miſeries, ſtill periſhing,
Langius, me taking ſhort, *Lipſius* ſaid he;
That properly not grief, but pitty is,
Which alſo, would be ſcorn'd, by a wiſe man
And conſtant, to whom, nothing more agrees,
Then ſtrength, & firmneſs of the mind, which (if
Not onely, its own proper grief, caſt down,
But others woes diſtract) it cannot have.
Here I him interrupted, and what thorns
Said I, from *Stoicks* pluckt, are theſe? thou doſt,
Forbid me to be pittifull, which is
A virtue counted, amongſt all good men,
Chiefly, 'mongſt us, who God, in truth profeſs.
Said *Langius*, then; *I firmly it forbid*,
And if this ſickneſs, from the mind I take,
No good man certainly, will take it ill.
It a true ſickneſs is, nor is he farre
From Miſery, who pittifull will be,
As weak, and tender eyes, obſerved are
To water, ſeeing, others wat'ring eyes,
So mindes, do grieve, pittying, anothers grief.
And rightly is defin'd, *A vice to be,*
Of weak, and abject mindes, that ſtumble at
The ſhadow, of anothers miſery.
VVhat then? ſo Iron-hearted muſt we be,
That to anothers woe, we muſt not bend?
Yes bend, a Gods name, but to help, not grieve.
Thee mercifull, not pittifull to be
I will allow, *I* muſt diſtinguiſh now,

And for inſtruction, a ſmall way recede:
Mercy (*I* call) *an inclination* of
The mind, anothers wants to help,
Or woes to eaſe, this *Lipſe* that virtue is, (cern'd,
That, as 'twere, through a Cloud, thou haſt diſ-
And for the which, thou *pitty,* haſt tane up.
O but it humane is, to pitty woes;
And to be mov'd, bee't ſo, yet 'tis not right,
Doſt think, a ſoft abjectneſs of the mind,
A virtue for to be, to mourn, and ſigh,
And mingle, with thy grief, peec't broken words,
Thou'rt out, if ſo; greedy old women, *I*,
And ſparing *Euclion's*, unto thee could ſhew;
From out whoſe eyes, thou ſooner may'ſt extract
A thouſand teares, then penny out of purſe.
But he, who ere, is truly mercifull,
He pitties not, but greater help doth bring,
VVith humane eyes, anothers woes he ſees,
And yet not blear'd, with a ſet countenance,
VVith them he talkes, not a dejected one,
He ſtrongly comforts, and he liberally
Affords them help, does kindlier, then he ſaies,
And rather, lends his hand, to help the weak,
Then helpleſs words; and theſe things cautiouſly
He does, leaſt in this hot contagion,
Anothers ſickneſs, ſhould lay hold on him:
And as, among the Sword-players, 'twas ſaid,
He wounded be, through anothers ſides.
VVhat here *I* pray thee, rigid is; or hard;
Thus is all wiſdom, who to thoſe that look

Far off upon her, ſeems ſevere, and rough;
But if thou nearer look, is mild, and ſoft,
Not milder is, the Goddeſs of ſoft love.
So of theſe three Affects, ynough is ſaid,
VVhich, if in part, from thee, *I*v'e wip't away,
Eaſier to me, will be, the reſt oth' fray.

CHAP. XIII.

Of Providence.

At length, from skirmiſh, to the Fight, *I*'me come,
Omitting all light ſporting VVeapons, *I*
Th' appointed Arms, take up, and will bring on
My Troops, under their Banners, orderly,
VVith which, a four-fold Battell, *I* will make.
*I*th' firſt, with this *I*le fight, *theſe publike ills,*
Into, and thorough us from God are ſent:
*I*th' ſecond, *that they neceſſary are,*
And ſprung from Fate, ith' third, *profitable*
They are to us, ith' fourth, *nor ſharp, nor new,*
VVhich forces, if they fight, & do repulſe
*I*n their ſet places, ſo that, though, thy mouth
VVould farther dare to ſpeak, or Armies of
Thy fell grief, dare reſiſt, yet ſhall not dare,
I've o'recome, and with this Omen, let
The Trumpet ſound, Since *Lipſius*; all affects,
VVhich variouſly, do trouble humane life,
Spring from an unſound mind, then chiefly grief,
VVhich ſuffer'd is, for the Republikes cauſe.
All other paſſions, at ſome end, do drive,

The

The lover to enjoy, to be reveng'd,
The angry man, the gripple, at his gain,
So of the reſt, onely in this we finde,
No ſetled purpoſe, but its own ſelf will. (bounds,
Leaſt that my ſpeech, ſhould break out of all
Ile pull the reines, & keep within this ring.
Thou mourn'ſt thy Country, ruining; thou ſaiſt,
But to what end, what doſt expect, or hope,
Doſt think thou canſt, what's fallen, raiſe again,
Or what is tottering, that thou can'ſt uphold,
Or that thou can'ſt, by lamentation, drive
Plagues, that thy Country threaten, far away?
No, none of theſe, but onely that thou mai'ſt,
That thred-bare cry, repeat, I grieve, I grieve.
And other vain, and idle plaints, expreſs,
For to call back, or render that undone,
Which is already paſt, is certain, that.
Which God himſelf, would not in's power keep.
And if in judgements equall ballance, thou
Art weigh'd, thou vain, nay impious wilt appear,
To what, is with thee ſtill, *th' eternall mind*,
VVhich God we call, who the perpetuall orbes
Of Heaven, th' inequall courſe oth' ſky,
The various changes, of the Elements,
VVho laſtly, all things, above, and below
Does govern, order, and does moderate.
Doſt thou, in this great body, of the vvorld,
Think chance, or fortune, any ſway to beare?
Or that theſe humane things, with them are mixt,
Or driven, with a blind raſh eddyes force?

I know, thou thinkſt not ſo, nor any elſe
From thee, who not of wiſdom, but of health,
Have the leaſt grain, for it is natures voice,
Nature, aloud doth cry it out, where ere
Thou turn'ſt thy eyes, or thy more ſeeing mind,
Mortall, immortall, earthly things, and high,
Living, and dead, aloud do cry, and ſpeak,
Above us, ſomething is, which theſe ſo great
So wonderfull, ſo many things hath made,
Created: created and made, doth guide
And doth conſerve, that thing is God, to whoſe
Moſt high, and perfect nature, nothing more
Agrees, then care, of his great work to take,
VVhich he both will, and can; he will, becauſe
Hee's beſt, and can; becauſe he greateſt is,
No ſtrength, above him is, but from him, none,
Nor doth the greatneſs, or variety,
Of all theſe things, hinder, or trouble him:
He ſpreads the rais, of his eternall light,
In every place, and with (as I may ſay)
One ſtroke, he all the corners, of the deep,
Of Heaven, of Earth, of Sea doth penetrate.
Nor to all things, does this divinity
Onely præeſs, but preſent, and within them is.
VVhy wonder we, how much oth' world, the Sun
At one time does illuſtrate, and enlight?
How great a heap, of things, do we with one
Sole thought, keep, and encompaſs in our mind?
And fooles; ſhall we not think, more may be ſeen,
And more conceiv'd, by him that made this Sun?

That

That made this mind? high, nay divinely he,
VVho of divine things, did, nor could say much,
What in the Ship, the Pilot is, ith' Coach,
The Coachman, ith' quire, the chanter, the Law,
Ith' City, and the Generall, ith' Camp,
That in the vvorld is God, onely with this
Difference, their Government laborious is,
Anxious and troubleſome, but God's without
All pain or trouble, or all bodies force.
In God then, *Lipſius*, is, was, and will be,
That watchfull, and perpetuall care (and yet
A quiet care) *by which all things he ſees;*
Upholds, and knowes, and known, with an unmov'd
And unknown rule to us, doth them direct,
And govern: This I providence do call,
Of which, though ſome, through weakneſs may (complain,
None, can make queſtion of, unleſs ſuch one,
VVho ſtops his ears, to natures voice well known.

CHAP. XIV.

Of Providence.

VVhich, didſt thou well conceive, & didſt believe,
(vvith thy whole heart) the holy Governour,
Coold ſow in thee, and in thy mind inſtill
Such ſtrength, as with the Poet I may ſay,
Thou on all LANDS *maiſt tread,*
And Seas walk without dread.

I ſee, no further place left, for thy grief,
Or for complaint, ſince, there's a provident mind,
VVhich Heaven daily rouleth, and revolves,
Brings forth the glorious Sun, and makes it ſet,
Diſcloſeth fruits, long hid in the earths wombe,
Brings forth thoſe changes, and ſucceeding turns,
Of all things, thou admireſt, or deteſts:
For why, ſhouldſt thou think, only pleaſant things
And profitable, us, kind Heaven ſhould ſend,
Sad dire diſaſters, alſo thence do come.
Nor is there, any thing, in this great frame
That troubled, pleas'd, or mixt is, (ſin except)
VVhoſe cauſe, and riſe, is not, from the firſt cauſe.
In Heaven, certainly do dwell,
Thoſe, that diſpoſe, all things, here well.
Said *Pindarus*, and *Homer* Clouds in tale,
A golden chain, is, from above let fall,
To which, are ty'd, inferiour fancies all. (low'd up
That th' opening Earth, ſome Towns have ſwal-
Is from high providence; that other where,
The Plague, ſo many thouſands, hath mov'd up
Is from the ſame; that warrs, and ſlaughters are
Amongſt the *Belgians*, from high providence,
'Tis God, my *Lipſius*; God theſe ſlaughters ſends,
And therefore wiſely ſaid *Euripides*,
From God all jarres,
And cruel warres.
The ebb, and flowing, of all humane things,
Upon this Moon depends, the riſe and fall,
Of States, and Kingdoms, on this Sun depends.

So

So now, when thou lets looſe the reins, to grief,
And angry, at thy Countries ruine, art,
Think with thy ſelf, who, and 'gainſt whom's (thy rage,
VVho; durt; 'gainſt whom, I fear to ſpeak't;
('gainſt God.
The ancients fabled, certain Gyants ſtrove,
The Gods immortall, from high Heaven to pull:
Let fables paſſe, yea murmurers are they,
Ye grumblers, who withſtand, theſe ills to be
By God permitted, I, and by him ſent,
VVhat other thing do you, but pull away,
(vvhat lies in you) Gods Scepter, and free Rule?
Blind mortall moles, the Sun, the Moon, the Sky,
The Elements, and world of living things,
To his high Law, willing obedience give:
Man onely, 'gainſt his noble Builder kicks.
If thou, lets looſe thy Sails, unto the winds,
Letting them drive thee, whereſoere they liſt,
And in the Ocean of thy life, deny'ſt
That ſpirit to follow, guides the univerſe:
Thou it, in vain deny'ſt; for certainly
Thou, it, ſhalt follow, or thee, it, will draw.
And thoſe celeſtiall, and divine decrees,
VVill in all things, their force, and order keep:
Though thou, or ſubject, or damn'd rebell bee.
VVe laugh at him, who to a Rock has ty'd
His boat, then drawing of the Rope, does think
The Rock to him, when he toth' Rock, does move:
Such is our fooliſhneſs, who being faſt bound

To th'

To th'Rock, of high eternall providence,
By'attractive plaints, would have it, move to us.
Let's leave at length, this vanity, and if,
VVe will be wiſe, let's follow, that ſame force
Drawes from on high, and let us think it juſt
That man ſhould pleaſe, that pleaſing is to God.
The daring Souldier, hearing the march beat,
Takes up his Baggage; but at the alarm
Laies it aſide, with mind, and eyes, and eares,
Intent, and ready, t'obey all Commands:
So we, in this ſame warre-fare, follow ſhould
vvith readineſs, our calling Generall.
To this Engagement, we are all compel'd;
(Saies Seneca) Theſe mortall things, to bear,
Nor with ſuch things, ought we to be diſturb'd,
As for to ſhun, in us no power is.
vv'are born under Command, and th'onely way
True freedom to enjoy, is, God t'obey.

CHAP. XV.

Of Neceſſity.

This, *Lipſius*, is a Target, firm, and ſtrong,
As' twere, by *Vulcan*, wrought, 'gainſt outward ills
theſe are thoſe golden arms, with which we armd,
Plato us bids, fortune, and chance, withſtand.
To God be ſubject, to conſider God,
In all events, I ſay, our minds to bend
To that great mind oth' world, high providence;

vvhoſe

Whoſe holy happy Troops, I have led forth,
And now, my ſecond Battel, Ile bring on,
Under the banner of *Neceſſity*.
A ſtrong, hard Iron & armed battel, 'tis,
vvhich I may well, the thundring Legion call.
A rigid, and unbroken force it has, (which
VVhich tames, & conquers all things, and 'gainſt
I wonder, *Lipſius*, ſhall, if thou reſiſt.
Thales, being askt of old, what ſtrongeſt was;
Neceſſity, ſaid he, it all things tames,
And there's an old, though ſmally pious ſaw,
Gods can't (who all excel)
Neceſſity compell.
This, unto providence, I now do knit,
Becauſe, they kindred are, or rather 'cauſe;
Of her ſhee's born, for why, from God himſelf,
And his decrees, Neceſſity's deriv'd.
And this Neceſſity is nought elſe, but
(As hath the Greek Philoſopher, defin'd)
A firm decree, and power of providence
Unchangeable, that ſhee's, in publick ills,
I doubly ſhall evince, both *from the things*,
Themſelves & Fate, firſt *from the things*, for that
Such nature, in all things, is inly plac't,
By which to change, and end, they caried are.
Ruſt, on the Iron born, does it conſume:
And worms, or rottenneſs, hard wood does waſt,
So Creatures, Towns, and Kingdoms, periſh do
By their own hidden, and internall cauſe.
High things behold, & low, ſmall things, & great,
Or made, with hands, or fabricks, of the mind,

From all times periſht have, and periſh will.
And as, all Rivers into th' Sea, do paſſe,
By a perpetuall, and their own prone courſe;
So, do all humane things, ſlide to their End,
Through this ſame Channel, of diſturbances.
vvhich *End*, is *Death*, and *Ruine*, unto whom
Plagues, *Warres*, *Slaughters*, are inſtruments, and (ſlaves.
So, that if death, to them be neceſſary,
As, neceſſary, in reſpect, are, broiles.
VVhich, that by example, thou maiſt, clearly ſee,
vvith heart, and mind, a while, thee, it to ſhow
Through this great univerſe, with thee, Ile go.

CHAP. 16.

A *Circle.*

To all this vvorld, from the beginning, was
A Law eternall ſet, *be born, and die.*
To have beginning, and to have an end.
Nor firm, nor ſtable, any thing would have
The great Judge, of all things, beſides himſelf.
Both weak old age, and ſad pale death,
onely the Gods deſpiſe;
But taming age, ore all things elſe,
and death, do tyramnize.
Exclam'd the tragick Bard, all things, which thou
Or ſeeſt, or wondreſt at, will in their turns
Or periſh, or be chang'd; the Sun, thou ſeeſt
It faints, the Moon it labours, and, does waſt:

The

The Starrs they ſhoot, and fall, and let mans wit
Or hide, or it excuſe, there hapned hath,
And happen will, in that cæleſtiall Orbe,
vvhat laws, and pates will break, oth' Stargazers.
The dull, and blazing Comets, I omit,
VVhoſe forms, & ſcite, and motions, various are:
vvho, that from air, and in air, they're all bred,
Ile hardly take, the Shepheards Godſhips, word.
But now behold, of late, new work is made
For the *Aſtrologers*, new motions, and new Starrs
Are found, this very year, a Starre did riſe,
whoſe growths & wainings, clearly were obſerv'd,
Hard to be credited; in Heavens ſelfe,
VVe ſee, that ſomething may be born, and die.
And *Varro* (ſaies St. *Auſtin*) does averr,
That *Venus* Starr, (that *Veſperugo's* calld
By *Plautus*, and by *Homer Heſperon*)
Her colour, greatneſs, figure, courſe, did change;
Next Heaven, behold the air, that's daily changd;
Now windy, cloudy then, and ſhowry now,
I to the waters come, Rivers the which,
VVe durable do call, and ſprings thou ſeeſt,
Some periſht have, others, their courſe have
The Sea it ſelf, natures great ſecret part, (changd.
vvith tempeſts, now is rais'd, & now's caſt down,
And wer't not ſo, its ebbs, and flowes it hath:
And that thou maiſt think it quite periſh may,
It daily growes, and 'minisht is by parts.
Now look thou on the Earth, which onely is
Immoveable, and by its own force, does ſtand,

Behold

Behold, here, with a hid ſpright, how it quakes,
And there's, broke through, by water, or by fire.
Which, alſo do encounter, and leaſt, thou,
Shoulds fume, that warrs are onely among men,
The Elements, amongſt themſelves, do fight
How many Lands, have the Seas, overflowe
Leſſen'd, or ſwallow'd up, in ancient time
That great *Atlantis* Ile (nor fable is't
I think) and *Helice*, and *Bura* then.
And not to old, and remote parts, to ſtray,
Amongſt us *Belgians*, in our Fathers dayes,
Two *I*ſlands, with their Towns, and men, were
And even now, that great *Cæruli*an God (drownd.
Does boſoms ope, wherein, to lay his head,
Licking continually, and gnawing on,
Th' unfaithful brinks, of *Frieſland*, *Grock*, & *Cauch*.
Nor does, with feminine ſloth, the earth give ore,
But ſometimes, vindicates it ſelf, and makes
Firm *I*ſlands to it ſelf, ith' midſt oth' Sea:
Wondring, and foaming, at it, the gray Sire.
Now if to ruine, and to change, thoſe great
*A*nd (in our ſence) eternall things, are doom'd:
Doſt think, not Kingdoms, Towns, and Common-
(wealths,
Which, are as mortall ſure, as thoſe them made.
*A*s to each man, youth, ſtrength, old age, & death,
So unto theſe, they riſe, increaſe, and ſtand,
*A*nd flouriſh, and all theſe, that they may fall.
One Earth-quake, in *Tiberius* time, threw down,
Twelve famous Cities, of fam'd *Aſia*,

*A*nother

Another, under *Conſtantine*, threw down,
As many Towns, in rich *Campania*.
And in one Warre, that *Attila* did wage,
More, then one hundred Towns, were layed waſt.
Fame, ſcarce retains, the old *Egyptian Thebes*,
And hundred Towns of *Crete*, are ſcarce believ'd;
To more known, I will come, the ancients ſaw,
And wondred at, the ruines of *Numance*,
Carthage, and *Corinth*, we the unworthy trunks
Of *Athens*, *Sparta*, and ſuch famous Towns.
That Queen of wealth, and Nations, falſely call'd
The eternall City, where now is ſhe pray,
burnt, drown'd, fall'n down, and not with one
*A*mbitiouſly, at this day, ſhe is ſought, (death loſt,
Nor can, upon her ancient ground, be found.
By zantium ſee, of two Empires the Seat:
*A*nd the *Venetians*, proud that they have ſtood
A thouſand years, their fatall day will come.
*A*nd *Antwerpe* thou, of Cities the bright eye,
One day, thou'lt be put out, he builds, pulls down,
(and if't may ſo be ſaid) the great *Archtect*
Of this great frame, playes, with all humane things
And like the Potter, many forms does make,
And Images does fain, of the ſame Clay.
Of Cities, and of Towns, but yet I ſpeak;
But Kingdoms, Nations, ſuffer the ſame fate.
The Eaſt did flouriſh once, and *Syria*,
Ægypt, *Judea*, high in arts, and arms,
Whoſe lot to *Europe* paſt, in which it is,
As in a body, that is grievous ſick,

I ſee it ſhake, and do foreſee its fall.
What's more, and nere ynough to be admir'd,
That in five thouſand and five hundred yeares,
The World inhabited, is waxen old;
And as of old, *Anaxarchs* hiſtory of tales
VVe do again applaud, in other parts,
New men ariſe, and a new world does grow;
O wonderfull, and of *Neceſſity*
Th' incomprehenſive Law, all things do go,
Into this fatall circle, *Borne* and *Dye*.
Though ſomething, long-liv'd, in this frame there be,
Nothing eternall is, lift up thine eyes
(This place, not tedious is to me, to preſs)
And with me, look about, and plainly ſee,
The certain changes, of all humane things,
Like, to the conſtant, rouling of the Sea.
Now riſe, now fall, now ſerve, & now command,
Now hide, now ſhew thy ſelf, ſo goes the world,
And ſo will go, while that this world endures.
Germans of old moſt rude, now gentile, are
Beyond moſt people, that in *Europe* live,
Brittans incult, and poor, now with delights
And wealth, out-vye *Ægypt*, and *Sybarites*.
Greece flouriſht once, now's down, and *Italy*
That Scepter, ore the vvorld did hold, now ſerves
Ye *Goths* and *Vandalls*, Dregs oth' *Barbarians*
Come from your Dens, & Nations, rule by turns.
Come forth alſo, ye skin clad *Scythians*,
And with ſtrong arme, a while hold ye the reines
Of *Europe*, *Aſia*, but ere long be gun,

nd leave your rule, to th' people by the Sea,
or I'me deceiv'd, if *I* don't ſee a Sunne,
f new bright Empire, from the vveſt to come.

CHAP. XVII.

Of *Fate.*

VVhen *Langius*, this had ſaid, & that this ſpeech,
ad even, tears wrung from me, for to ſee
o clearly, all humane things to be,
t a meer May-game, *I* cry'd out, and ſaid,
O what are we, and all for which we toil?
vvhat is he; any thing,
vvhat; nothing he,
No, all and every man
ſleeps ſhadows be.
o true, of old the *Lyrick poet* ſung.
hen *Langius*, to me, ah young man, ſaid he;
ot onely, theſe things ſee, but them deſpiſe,
nd from th' unconſtant lightneſs, of all things,
arn in thy mind, to ſtabliſh *Conſtancy*.
conſtant, to our ſenſe, is every thing,
t if to *Providence*, and *God*, we look,
ll things, in a ſet conſtant, order run.
ow ſwords laid by, to *Engins*, do *I* come,
Nor will with darts, thy grief oppugne, but racks
he Ramme of *Fate*, *I*le throw, firm, ſtrong, and
o humane force could ever yet withſtnad (which,
or pierſing foreſight, ever yet avoid, could
hich place, though ſlippery tis, & few can ſtand,

Yet, Ile go into't, gently, cautiously,
And as the *Greeks* say, *with a soft slow pace.*
In the first place, that, there's a *Fate* in things,
Nor *Lipsius*, thou, I think, nor any else,
Or age, or Nation, ever did it doubt.
I, interrupting him, forgive said I;
If something, I, object, in this thy course,
Thou me, with *Fate* opposest, a slight Ramme,
And which, is thrown, with *Stoicks*, feeble arms,
I tell thee freely, I, do scorn it, I,
And the *Destinies*, and with *Plautus*, BRAVE
All this old beldam Troop, I with a breath,
Will blow aside, as do the leaves, the wind.
Langius, with a severe, and threatning, eye,
Rash heady fool, said he; dost think to shun,
Or *Fate*, to take away? thou canst not doo't,
Unless all power, and divinity,
Thou take away, for, if there be a God;
Then *Providence*, there is, if *Providence*;
Then a *Decree*, and *Order*, of all things.
If so; then a *Necessity*, of events.
How, cans't, avoid this blow? or with what Axe
Cans't cut a two, this Chain? we may not think,
Of that eternall mind, oth' world, that's God;
But that, all knowledge, and fore-sights, in him
From all eternity, him, must conceive
Fixt, firm, immoveable, and alwayes one,
Like to himself, in things, that once he wills,
Nor this way, wavering, nor bending, that.

The Gods eternall, do
Not waver to and fro.

Which truth, if thou confeſs, (and truth thou
It of neceſſity, confeſs, unleſs, (muſt
Thou wilt all reaſon, quite put off, and ſenſe)
This alſo, thou acknowledge muſt, that all
Divine Decrees, firm, and unmoved, are,
From all eternity, unto all times,
And from this ſame, *Neceſſity*, does grow,
And that, which thou doſt make a mock at, *Fate*.
The truth, of which, ſo clear, and obvious is,
That there's no older ſaw, nor more receiv'd
Amongſt all Nations, almoſt unto all,
To whom, the light of *God*, and *Providence*,
Hath ſhin'd, to them, hath alſo *Fate*,
And thoſe ſame, firſt, and purer ſparks, which did
Open the knowledge, of *A God* to man,
Do alſo ſeem, to have enlightned, *Fate*;
Bring forth, and, *Homer*, *Prince* of *Poets*, heare;
I ly; if he have markt out, any tract,
Like to this *Fatall* one, in's muſe divine.
Nor from their Father, have the Sonnes digreſt,
Euripid, *Sophocles*, and *Pindarus*.
And of the *Latine* Poets, *Virgil* ſee;
Look all *Hi torians*, and their voice, runs thus.
By *Fate*, this hapned, Kingdoms, are oreturn'd,
And ſtabliſhed, by *Fate*. *Philoſophers*,
Whoſe care is great, the truth, for to defend,
'Gainſt vulgar ſence, even they, (who in moſt
(things

Go ſeverall wayes, (affecting praiſe by ſtrife.)
A wonder, 'tis to ſee, how all do meet
Ith' head of this one way, that leads to *Fate*.
Ith' head, oth' way, I ſaid; for that deny'd,
It cannot be, but that, divided 'tis
Into more paths, which, to this four-fold bout,
Reduc'd may be, *Fate Mathematicall*,
Fate naturall, *Fate violent*, and *true*.
Which, briefly Ile explain, and mark each one,
Becauſe Ile error, and confuſion, ſhun.

CHAP. XVIII.

Of three kinds of Fate.

Fate Mathematicall, (I call) *which bindes*,
And firmly knits, all Actions, and Events,
Toth' power oth' ſigns, and poſture of the Starres.
To whom *Caldeans*, and *Astrologers*
Firſt Authours were, and 'mong *Philoſophers*,
The firſt ſubſcriber, ſublime *Mercury*.
VVho *providence*, *neceſſity* and *Fate*
Subtly, nor idly, thus diſtinguiſhes.
High providence, the perfect Reaſon is,
And poſitive, oth' high celeſtiall God.
To whom, two faculties, allied are,
Neceſſity, and fate, and fate, does ſerve;
And miniſter, to providence, and to
Neceſſity: but unto Fate it ſelf,
The Starres do ſerve, nor is there any one

The force of Fate, can ſhun, nor can take heed
Whereby, the power oth' Starres, he may eſcape.
For theſe, the darts are, and the arms of, Fate,
At whoſe Command, all things, they bring to paſſe,
And perfect, that to men, and nature come.
In this foolſhip (to th'ſhame oth' Chriſtian name)
Baſe dottrel wiſards, ſome now waft to hell.
Fate naturall, I truly thus define,
An Order 'tis, of cauſes naturall,
Which, by their force, and nature (unleſs they
Be letted) produce a certain effect.
Thus *Ariſtotle* thought, as truch-man true,
Aphrodiſienſis, does ſay of him;
Alſo does *Theophraſt*, who clearly writes,
That *Fate, the nature, is, of ev'ry each one.*
In theſe mens minds, that man, does man beget
's of *Fate*, that by internall cauſes, and
Without forc'd force, he dies, alſo's, of *Fate.*
And contrary, that man, a Serpent ſhould,
Or Monſter, procreate, beſides *Fate* is.
So 'tis, that with a ſword, or fire, one's ſlain,
And this poſition not much erring is,
'Cauſe that it riſes not to th' power of *Fate*,
For who can't ſhun to fall, that will not clime.
Such like is *Ariſtotle* every where
Almoſt, where he does treat, of things divine,
Except in that Book, call'd is (*of the world*)
Which wholly golden being, ſeems to me
From other, more cœleſtiall air, to move.
But rather, in a *Grecian* Authour, I,

Do read, that *Ariſtotle* thus, did think,
That *Fate, is not the cauſe, but is a mean,*
vvhich to the cauſe, does happen, in ſuch things,
As by Neceſſity, appointed are.
See here, a bold *Philoſopher*, who dares
Fortune, and chance, 'mongſt cauſes, numerate,
Yet dares not *Fate*; but him, t'himſelf I leave,
And to my *Stoicks*, come, (for I won't fain)
I truly love, and honour, that ſame Sect,
Who are the Authours, of *Fate violent.*
Which I, with *Seneca*, do thus define,
'Tis a Neceſſity, no force can break
Of every action, and of every thing:
Or with *Chryſippus*, *a force ſpirituall,*
In order, governing this univerſe.
Theſe definitions, from the right and truth,
Far wander not, expounded modeſtly,
As neither, do th' opinions, of theſe men,
Yet damn'd, they were long ſince, by vulgar vote,
Who two impieties to, them aſcribe,
That they do God, ſubject, to th' courſe of *Fate*;
And inward actions, to be from our will.
Nor can, I, confidently undertake,
To purge them, thoroughly, of both theſe faults.
From their own writings, (of which few remain)
Theſe things, you pick may, and more wholſome (ones,
Yet *Seneca*, who, in that knowing School
No feeble Trumpet was, in that ſame Book
In which, he had leaſt cauſe, (of *Providence*)
Does ſeem, in the firſt place, it to *impinge*,

The ſame Neceſſity, the Gods do bind,
(Saies he) and *being irrevocable,*
Both humane, and Divine, like courſe do run,
He who the Founder, and the guider is,
Of all things, he ſet Fate, now follows it.
He once, commanded it, obeys it aye.
And that indiſſoluble chain, and webb,
Of cauſes, which all, and all things bind
Does ſeem (not darkly) to withſtand, mans will.
But the true genuine *Stoicks*, never do
With brazen front, ſuch things as theſe profeſs.
Or if, at any time, ſomething like this,
Do from them fall, 'tis in ſome fervent zeal,
Of writing, or diſputing, and thou ſhalt,
Find it to be, rather in words, then ſence.
Chryſippus he (who firſt enervated,
And did corrupt, this able Sect, with thorns
Of queſtions) he does, in *Agellius* rince,
And purge it clear, from its loſt liberty.
Nor does, our *Seneca*, ſounder's his mind;
God unto *Fate* ſubject, but by a kind
Of twiſted ſpeech, God, unto God ſubjects.
For who, 'mongſt them, neareſt to truth do come,
Fate, providence ſometimes, and ſometimes God,
Do call. *Zeno*, when he it had defin'd,
A ſtrength to be, which to the matter, moves
Of its own force, he adds; *it matters not,*
Or providence, or nature, it be call'd.
Chryſippus to, in the ſame mind, elſe-where,
Saies *Fate, to be, th' eternall reaſon of*

High

High Providence; the Stoick *Panætius*,
*A*verred, *God himself, Fate for to be.*
Which clearly thinking. *Seneca*, he said;
Whether thou wilt, or no, thou art compel'd,
Him to acknowledge, of all Natures, and
All things, the onely Authour, for to be;
Thou rightly, Jove, dost say, greatest, and best,
The Thunderer, and Stayer, not so call'd,
(As is reported, in the Histories)
For that, he being loudly vow'd unto,
Did make, the flying Roman Battell, stand:
But, 'cause all things, by his good pleasure stand,
He rightly Stayer's call'd, and stablisher.
whom, if thou Fate, dost call, thou dost not lie,
For since, that Fate, no other thing is, but,
A wrapt up series, of all causes,
He, of all things, that are, the first cause is,
On which, all other Causes, do depend.
Which last expressions; sooth so pious are,
That calumny, it self, can't them calumne.
Nor in this part, did from the *Stoicks*, swerve
That Writer great, unto the greater King,
Saying; *I think Necessity to be,*
Nought else but God, as stable nature be,
And also Fate it self, which all things knits,
And freely without let, its progress makes.
Which speeches, though improvident they be,
Yet are not impious, and equally
Expounded, not much differ, from true *Fate.*
This elogy, to th' *Stoicks*, seriously

I give, that no one Sect, has more aſcrib'd
To *God*, his *Majeſty*, and *Providence*.
Nor any Sect, has more attracted men,
To heavenly, and to eternall thoughts.
And if, that any one, have chanc'd to fall,
In running over, this ſame fatall race,
I do believe, 'twas through praiſe-worthy care,
Of drawing mortalls blind, from that blind Elfe,
Fortune, I mean, whoſe Deity ſo lame,
By them, exploded is, and very name.

CHAP. XIX.

Of true Fate.

But, of the ſence oth' ancients, or diſſent,
Ynough, is ſaid, for why, too curiouſly
And ſubtly, ſhould *I* ſearch *Phantaſmas* deep,
When in, true Fate, I plenteous buſineſs find,
Which now, *I* will illuſtrate, and ſet forth?
I call't, th' eternall Law of *Providence*,
Which can, no more, from things removed be,
Then *Providence*, her ſelf, nor let the name,
Occaſion any one, to cavill me.
For confidently, this, *I* dare aver,
In the whole *Roman* Language, there's no word,
But this, is proper, to expreſs this thing.
Though, th' ancients did abuſe it, it, weele uſe,
A voice, it is, drawn from the *Stoicks* cell,
And we will bring it, to a better light,

For

For Fate's, from *Fando*, ſpeaking, nor other,
Then a divine ſaying, and bidding ist.
And as, tis thus, that tis, that here we ſeek.
True Fate, with famous *Pico*, I define
An Order, and a ſeries of Cauſes,
On Divine councel, only depending
Or thus *I*, more darkly, but more ſubtly,
A Law of Providence, immoveable,
Inherent, in things, that are moveable,
vvhich ſure renders, all and every thing,
Ins proper Order, certain place, and time.
A Law of *Providence*, *I* have it call'd,
Becauſe, unto the Theologues, oth time,
(Leave do *I* crave, in the free ſearch oth truth)
I not agree, who Fate, with *Providence*
It ſelf, in matter, and in name, confound.
I know it, hard, and raſhneſs, for to be,
That ſupereſſence, and ſupercæleſt
Exiſtance, (God *I* mean) in certain words,
Or to conceive, or go about to bind,
Or any thing, that unto him belongs.
Yet, as to th' mind of man, it may be known.
I ſteadfaſtly averr, that properly,
One thing is *Providence*, another *Fate*,
For *Providence*, I do not apprehend,
Nor other thing conſider, for to be,
Then, as it is, *A force, and power in God,*
Of ſeeing, knowing, governing all things,
A univerſall, undivided force,
As *Lucrece* ſaies, in it ſelf, firmly joyn'd.
But Fate, to things themſelves, for to deſcend,

Does rather ſeem, and in them's, to be ſeen.
As is, I ſay, diſtinctly, and by parts,
Ith' common ſence of *Providence*, ſet down,
So ſhe, in God is, and to him apply'd,
Fate, is in things, and unto them, aſcrib'd.
I ſeem to thee to trifle, and as one
Once ſaid; to drill a hole in a ſmall grout.
I truly, this do take, from vulgar ſpeech,
In which, nothing more frequent is, then thus,
By good, or by ill *Fate*, this came to paſſe:
This is, this Kingdoms *Fate*, or that ſame Towns.
But, no man, ſo will ſay, of *Providence*,
No man, will, it, I ſay, apply to things,
Without impiety, or to be mockt.
Well ſaid I, therefore, that ſhe was, in God:
And *Fate*, from God, but ſtill I mean in things.
I further add, though *Providence*, from *Fate*
Cannot be pull'd, yet truly, ſhe does ſeem,
To be more noble farr, and excellent,
As commonly, we in the wiſe mens ſchools,
Affirm, the Sun, before the light to be.
Eternity, to be before all time,
And underſtanding, reaſon to excell.
But, theſe harſh things, (though yet not fully
Not further to dilate, thou ſeeſt, by what (ſcan'd)
Already's ſaid, my juſt cauſe of diſſent,
As alſo, why I do retain the name,
Againſt, this new Sect Senate, of Divines.
Thoſe old, and in times paſt, Fathers Conſcript
Do not forbid me, but the word of, *Fate*,

In

In its true notion, freely I may uſe.
But now, for to return, toth' clearing of
My definition, in the which, I ſaid,
A *Law inherent*; thereby, for to ſhew,
Fate, ought to be conſider'd, in thoſe things,
To which it coms, not in thoſe, whence it comes;
I added, *in things, that are moveable*,
Nothing thereby, though, *Fate*, immoveable,
Be of it ſelf, yet, it takes not away,
Nature, and inbred motion, from the things.
But mildly, it, and without force, does act,
As do, th' impreſſions, and the marks require,
Which, upon every thing, by God are ſet.
In cauſes (ſecond I do underſtand)
Neceſſary, neceſſarily, and
In voluntary, voluntarily.
In caſuall cauſes, caſually it acts,
So truly, in reſpect of things, it brings
No force at all, nor does at all, conſtrain.
But as, each thing, to ſuffer, or to do,
Is born, ſo each thing it directs, and bends.
And if, thou it wilt draw, unto its ſpring,
That is to ſay, to *Providence*, and God;
Ile conſtantly, and fearleſly affirm,
What's done, by *Fate*, is of *Neceſſity*.
At laſt *I* joyn'd, in *Order*, *place* and *time*.
Affirming, what before, *I* have ſet down,
That *Providence*, is joyntly, of all things,
Fate, diſtributed, to particulars.
In Order; I that ſeries do intend,

And web, of cauſes, which *Fate* does appoint.
In place, and time; I mean that wonderfull,
And never to be explicated force,
By which, events, to certain places, are,
And points of time, (not to be paſt) faſt bound.
'Tis *Fate*, *Tarquin*, ſhould be from' Kingdom
'Tis done, but yet adultry, went before, (thruſt,
Here, thou the *Order* ſee'ſt, that *Cæſar* ſhould,
Be killd; ſo 'tis, but in *Pompeius* Court,
And 'fore the Statute of great *Pompey*, lo,
The *place*, thou ſee'ſt, and that *Domitian*, ſhould,
By's neareſt friends be ſlain, hee's ſlain,
And in that fatall houre, which vainly, he
Striv'd to avoid, the fifth, the *time* lo ſee.

CHAP. XX.
Of Fate

Doſt thou, theſe things ynough conceive, young (man?
Or muſt, this torch, yet, give thee clearer light?
Clearer, my *Langius*; clearer, I cry'd out,
Or me, thou in eternall darkneſs, leav'ſt.
What ſubtle web of differences, is this,
What meſhing ſnares, of queſtions, be theſe.
As ambuſhments, believe me, I them fear'd,
And thy well-weighed, and thy doubtfull words,
I did ſuſpect them all, as enemies.
Langius then ſmiling, take good heart, ſaid he;
Here is no *Haniball*, and thou art come,
Into a fortreſs ſafe, no ambuſhment.

Ile

*I*le give thee light, onely do thou declare,
Where, how, and in what part, thou blinded art.
*I*n that part *Langius*; then ſaid *I*; in which
Thou of *Neceſſity*, and *force*, didſt treat.
For truly, *I* conceive not, how thou doſt,
From that, oth' *Stoicks*, this thy F*ate*, disjoyn:
Which, when with words, and gate, thou haſt
*I*ndeed, and by a poſtern, thou lets in. (ſhut out:
Then *Langius* readily; farr *Lipſius*, farr
Be it, ſaid he, from me, for I do not,
No, not at all, induce this *Stoiks* F*ate*.
Nor do, thoſe ancient *Hags* extinct, renew;
'Tis modeſt, godly F*ate*, *I* bring to light,
Which, from F*ate violent*, *I* ſeparate.
With theſe four marks, or bounds; for firſt we find
The *Stoicks* do *God*, unto F*ate* ſubject,
Nor Jupiter himſelf (as *Homer* tells)
Though fain, he would, could ſet Sarpedo free.
But we, this F*ate*, do unto God ſubject,
Whom, we acknowledge the free Authour, and
Free guider, of all other things, to be.
Who, when he pleaſes, can all F*ate*, tranſcend,
And break in pieces, its whole force, & ſtrength.
The *Stoicks* then, their F*ate*, do conſtitute,
A flowing ſeries, from all time to be,
Of Cauſes naturall; but we do not,
*A*lwayes, of Cauſes naturall, (for God
For cauſe, of wonder, or of miracle,
Does oft, beſides, nay, againſt nature act.)
Nor from all times, do we it conſtitute,

For second causes not eternall are.
*A*gain, they chance, from things do take away;
But we restore it, and as often, as,
The second causes will thereof allow,
We *chance*, and *hap*, admit do in events.
Ith' last place, they do seem, to have brought in,
A power violent, upon the mind,
But far, be this from us, who *Fate* do put,
And do by all means, it in favour bring,
With freedom of the will, so we do fly.
The cozening winds of *Fortune* and of *Chance*.
Nor do we bind this Ship, unto the Rock,
Of not to be escap't, *Necessity*;
'Tis *Fate*, 'tis true; but truly, ith' first cause,
Which doeth so far, second causes all,
And mediate take away, as that it acts,
(In order alwayes, or for the most part)
By the same causes, amongst which, thy will,
Is surely plac't, and fly thou the belief,
That God, does it compell, or take't away,
This, in this thing, the error is, and cloud;
No man does think, or know, how he can will,
As *Fate* directs him, and yet freely will.
But God himself, who all things did create,
He things, does use, without corrupting them.
Even as, the highest Heaven, with it drawes,
All the inferiour orbes, yet does not break,
Nor stay the motions, which to them belongs:
So God, by th' force of *Fate*, all humane things
Does draw, yet not at all does take away,
Each things peculiar force, and motion.

He wills, that Trees, & Fruits, grow, and increaſe:
They grow by nature, without any force.
That men deliberate, and freely chooſe:
They, without force, deliberate, and chooſe,
By their own will, and yet, what they do chooſe
God did foreſee, from all eternity.
He ſaw indeed, but did not it compel,
He knew indeed, but did not it decree:
He it foretold, but did not it preſcribe.
Why do our buſie Curion's, ſtumble here,
This place, to me, does truly in clear light
Thus ſeem to be, though ſome, ill working minds
Infected, with an itchy wrangling ſcab,
Ere, and anon do ſcratch, and vex themſelves.
For how ſay they; if God foreſees, that I
Muſt ſin, (nor can at all his foreſight fail)
Is it not neceſſary, that I ſin?
Yes neceſſary, but not for thy mind,
For here, thy own free will, does intervene;
'Tis true, he this foreſaw, that thou ſhouldſt ſin
As he foreſaw; but he foreſaw thee free:
Then neceſſarily, thou freely ſinn'ſt.
This clear ynough is, but they urge again,
That God of motion in us, Authour is,
He is the Authour, I confeſs, but not,
But as he is, the fautor of all good.
Thou virtue claſps; he knows it, & thee helps.
Embraceſt vice: he knowes, and ſuffers it,
Nor in all this, is any fault in him.
I ride, and ſpur, a weak, and feeble Horſe: (weak
From me hee's ſpurr'd, but from himſelf hee's

twang an untun'd, & a broken Lute,
Which, that it ill does ſound, thou wilt confeſs,
The vice oth' Inſtrument, not mine to be.
The Earth, doth nouriſh, with its common juice,
All Trees, and Fruits; but ſome, do wholſom fruit
ring forth, and others poyſon: wilt thou ſay,
This from the earth, is caus'd, or rather, from,
An inward force, oth' Trees, which do concoct,
Good nouriſhment, into ſuch poyſon foul.
So here; from God it is, that thou doſt move;
But from, and in thy ſelf, thou mov'ſt to ill:
But, of this freedom, for to make an end,
Fate, is as 'twere, the leader of the dance.
And leads the way, in this ſame dance oth' world,
But ſo; that ſtill, ſome one, or other of
Our parts, unwilling, or elſe willing are.
But yet, no farther; not effecting are;
For at the leaſt, will unto man is left,
By which he may, ſtrive, and reſiſt 'gainſt God:
But yet, no power at all, him to withſtand;
As in a Ship, I may walk, up and down, (Hold,
And through the hatches, paſs, from Deck, to
But nothing does, this motion ſmall, avail,
Whereby, it hinder may, the courſe oth' Ship:
So in this fatall Ship, in which we all
Are carried, though our wills, run up, and down,
They do not ſtop, nor turn it, out oth' way,
That higheſt will, does alwayes moderate,
And rule the ſteerage, guiding to what place,
Himſelf thinks fit, this Veſſel, with ſlow pace.

Chap. XXI.

Of Fate.

But what do, I do here, (Ile tack about,
And further off, from this *Caribdis* lie,
Which ſwallow'd, hath, the wits of many men.
Here, do I Shipwrackt ſee, wiſe *Cicero*,
Who rather, *Providence*, would take away,
Then ought diminiſh of man's liberty.
So, while, he men made free, (ſaies *Auguſtine*)
He made them *Atheiſts*, alſo at this day.
How many, in this dangerous Bay, do ride,
And ſwallow'd are, in waves here, of diſputes.
By whoſe harms, warn'd, let's rather, chuſe dry land
Nor let us, farther lanch, into this Sea.
Of old, wiſe *Euclides*, to one who askt
Him many curious things, oth' Gods, did make
This anſwer apt, other things, I not know:
But this I know, the Gods, the curious hate,
The ſame, think thou, of *Fate*, which will be ſeen,
Not pry'd into; believed, but not known.
Bias (I think 'twas) this ſage rule ſet down,
Of the bleſt Gods, ſay onely thus, they are.
But I, to *Fate*, may better it transfer,
Of which I thee do warn, that 'tis ynough,
That thou *Fate*, know'ſt, no fault in thee abides,
Though how, or why *Fate* is, thou knoweſt not.
This to our purpoſe is, (but Ile return

From

From theſe implicite, crooked, bending paths,
Into the ancient, open, high-way rode.)
That thou ſhouldſt credit, that *Neceſsity*,
Is near parent to our *publick Ills*,
And thence, ſome comfort in thy grief to take.
Why curiouſly, oth' freedom, of the will
Or of its bondage, whether it compel'd,
Or it be freely mov ed, ſhouldſt thou ſeek ?
Thou in the duſt, doſt write, & plow'ſt the Sands,
Warre, Tyranny, and *Slaughters*, 'bove thy head,
Which things, are certainly ſent from above,
Nor are, within the power of thy will,
Thou them maiſt fear, but canſt not them avoid,
Thou them maiſt fly, but canſt not them eſcape.
Then 'gainſt them, arm thy ſelf, and take thou up
This fatall dart, which will not onely wound ;
But kill thy grief, not 'bate; but takt' away,
Like as the nettle, which if gently thou
Doſt touch, it ſtings, if preſs, it hurts thee not :
So grief; if with mild medicines, thou it dreſs;
It feſter will, with ſharp, it ſoon does heal,
Nothing is ſtronger, then *Neceſsity*,
Which vvith its ſingle force, does overthrow
All theſe vveak Troops, vvhy then doſt grieve? in it,
No benefit at all, thou'lt find; for that,
all this, not onely may, but muſt be born,
Why doſt complain? vvhat? though, that thou
(canſt ſhake
This heavenly yoke, thou canſt not, ſhake it off.

Leave, by complaints to hope,
To bend thy horos cope.

There's, of *Neceſsity*, no ſafe *Aſsyle*,
But to be willing to what ſhe compells,
Notably ſaid, the excellent wiſe man,
Thou reſt unconquer'd maiſt, if in no fight,
Thoul't come, but this is not to overcome.
Such is the ſtrife, wag'd, with *Neceſsity*,
Which, who ſo undertakes, falls under it,
And which, is more, for to be wondred at,
Already's fallen, 'fore he comes to that.

CHAP. XXII.

The ſhelter of ſloath drawn from Fate, detected.

Langius, here making in his ſpeech, a pauſe,
I chearfully broke out, and to him ſaid,
If but a while, the wind blow in the poop,
I ſee, I ſoon, ſhall at the port arive:
For, I dare follow God, I, and I dare,
Neceſsity obey, and I do ſeem,
With *Euripid*, able to be, to ſay

I rather offer had,
A ſacrifice to him,
Then that he, in his wrath,
Should wound me, for my ſin:
For why, ſhould mortall I,
Fight with the Deity.

But yet, one guſt, of troubled thoughts, does toſs
Me *Langius*, which, I pray thee, for to lay,
For if that *publick Ills*, from *Fate* do come,
Nor can *Fate*, conquered be, nor yet be ſhun'd,
Why of, or for our Country, labour we?
Why do we not, all things, commit unto,
That great unbounded ruler, of all things?
Why do we not ſit ſtill, with cloſed hands,
For e'ene, by thy confeſſion, vain's all help,
And councel to, the *Fates* oppoſing it.
Then *Langious* frowning, thorough frowardneſs
(Young man, ſaid he) thou goeſt from right, and (truth.
Is this, doſt think, the *Fates*, for to obey?
Or rather, them to gybe at, and to ſcoffe.
I will ſit ſtill, ſaiſt thou; with cloſed hands,
'Tis well; I well could wiſh, with cloſed lips.
For who, unto thee, ever yet did ſay,
That onely, meer *Fate*, did act alone,
Without, ſome mediate, and aſſiſting cauſe
It is decreed, thou muſt thy Children looſe;
But yet, thou firſt, muſt on thy wife them get.
Thou, of ſome great diſeaſe, ſhalt cured be:
But thou, muſt *Phyſick*, and *Phyſitians* uſe.
So, is it here; if that in Fate it be,
This toſſing, rowling, drowning Veſſel, of
Thy Country, ſhall be ſaved from periſhing:
This, alſo *Fate* is, that we fight for it,
And it defend, with the beſt skill we can.
If thou, into the Haven, wilt be brought,
Or Ores, muſt be ply'd, or ſailes, be ſpread:

Or, from the wind, in vain thou maist expect.
Oth' contrary, if that it be in *Fate*,
Thy much bewailed Country, perish shall
Then, by the self-same *Fate*, those things be done
Which, in a humane way, leads to that fall.
The people, with the Nobles, shall discord,
And 'mongst themselves, there differences shall be,
None will obey, nor, no man, shall command,
All strong in tongue, but weak in help shall be,
In the Commanders, or, nor skill, nor faith:
Velleius, seriously did cry out, thus,
O not to be eschewed, power oth' Fates,
Which having once ordain'd, Fortune to change,
All councels, does corrupt, and then again,
For so the matter is, that commonly,
Whose Fortunes, God intendeth, for to change,
Their Councels, he corrupts, and brings to pass
(What, of all other things, most wofull is)
Their ruine, falls on them, deservedly.
But censure thou not, this same staggering,
As 'twere, thy Countries, fatall period set;
For how, canst tell, or whereby, dost thou know,
Or these, some fev'rish tremblings, onely are:
Or fatall sickness, that does lead, to death.
Therefore, bring all thy help, for while there is,
(As saies the Proverb) any life, there's hope.
But if, by certain, and undoubted signes,
This fatall change, shall unto thee, appear,
This wholsom counsel is, fight not with God:
Solons example, here, will I prescribe,

Who when *Piſiſtratus*, had *Athens* ſeis'd,
And that for liberty, all further aid,
He ſaw, in vain to be, his arms, and ſhield,
He hung before the Gates, oth' holy Court.
O Country, ſaying; *I have helped thee*
With deeds, and words. So went he home again,
In quiet, for to lead, the reſt of's life.
The ſame, do thou, give place, to God, toth' times.
And if good Patriot thou art, reſerve,
Thy ſelf, to gentler, and to better F*ates*.
Thy now loſt freedom, may again revive,
And falling Country, riſe again in time: (mind
Why raſhly then, doſt thou throw down, thy
Or fail in courage, of thoſe conſuls, which,
At *Canna* fought, I *Varro* do eſteem,
Who fled, more valiant Citizen, to be,
Then P*aulus*, who there, dy'd upon the place,
Nor otherwayes, did judge the Senate, and
Roman people, who gave him, publick thanks,
For that, oth' Common-wealth, he not deſpair'd.
Whether, it ſtumble onely, or it fall,
Whether, in part it ruine, or in whole,
Afflict not thou, thy ſelf, but put thou on,
That brave exalted mind, of *Crateris*,
Who when, that *Alexander* did him aske,
Whether, his Country, he would have reſtor'd;
Made anſwer; *To what purpoſe, ſince perhaps*
Another Alexander, it will waſt.
Theſe wiſe mens ſpeeches are, theſe deeds of men.

Shall

Shall we, within our breſts,
nuſle fell grief,
No, in ſad ſighing mone,
there's no relief?

Rightly, in *Homer*, was *Achilles* taught;
For otherwiſe, as *Creon*, who embrac't
His burning Daughter, to her brought no help;
But with her, he himſelf there periſhed.
So ſooner *Lipſius*; thou thy ſpirit, ſhalt quench,
Then with thy teares, this publick fire put out.
While *Langius*, this did ſay, the door loud creakt,
And lo, a boy, to us did enter in,
Of meſſage, from *Levinus Torrent* ſent,
To give us notice, that, 'twas ſupper-time,
Langius, as if new wak't from ſleep, cry'd *Hem*;
And cauſe, of this long chat, on me he laid:
As alſo, that the time, was ſlipt away,
And riſing up, to me, his hand he gave,
To my wiſht Supper, *Lipſe*, let's go, ſaid he;
No here let's ſit, ſaid I, him pulling back,
Before all Suppers, this unto me is,
VVhich, I may truly call, the food oth' Gods.
At theſe ſame Banquets, ever hungry, I,
Shall be, but never, ſhall be ſatisfi'd.
Yet *Langius*, ner' theleſs, did draw me forth,
And let us now, but keep our faith, ſaid he;
The morne, wee'le ſacrifice, to *Conſtancie*.

THE

THE SECOND BOOK OF CONSTANCY: BY *JUSTUS LIPSIUS.*

CHAP. I.
Of Gardens.

THe following day, *Langius*, thought fit, (bring
Me to his *Gardens*, *Gardens* two, he had;
With curious art, moſt exquiſitely kept,
One placed on a Hill, cloſe to his houſe,
The other, farther off, in lower ground,
Faſt by (which pleaſure gave) unto the *Moſe*,
A River, which with comely grace,
Does by, this pleaſant City pace.

For

For when, he early, me had entertain'd,
Ith' Chamber, where I lodg'd, shall's walk said he;
Or wouldst not rather *Lipsius*, that we sit?
No rather, walk said I; so't, be with thee;
But whither shall we go, said *Langius* then?
Unto my Garden, by the Rivers side,
The way's not far, and th' exercise is good,
Thou maist, by th' way, a view oth' City take.
Then, in this parching heat, we there shall find
A fresh cool pleasant air: with all my heart,
Said I; thou guide, no way, can irksome be,
No, not to th' *Indies* farr: so said; our Cloaks
We call'd for, took, went out, and thither came.
When, in the very entrance, I had cast
My eyes about, with wandring, curious view,
The places quaintness; wonder in me wrought,
And my old man, said I; what glories this?
What ravishing delight ist, that I see,
A Heaven, no Garden, here, thou *Langius* hast,
Nor truly, do the Starres, more brightly shine
In a clear night, then these, thy flowers, do here.
Adonis, and *Alcinous* Gardens, are
(Much talkt of) trifles, if with these, compar'd,
And meer gue-gawes, then comming nearer, I
Some of the flowers, did pluck, did view, did smel:
And whether, should *I* rather, wish, said *I*;
I, Argus eyes had, or *Catullus* nose,
So both my senses, ravisht are, and pleas'd.
Far, get ye gon, *Arabian* odours all,
Ye nauseous are, compared, with this breath

So

So ſweet, ſo heavenly; then *Langius* he,
(Not without laughing) took me by the hand,
Thou *Lipſius*, here bearſt rule, ſaid he; not I,
I do not think, theſe ruſtick pleaſures, worth
So neat, ſo witty, ſo polite a praiſe.
But yet, a true one, *Langius*; anſwer'd I,
Doſt think I flatter, from my heart I ſpeak't,
The *Elizian* fields, with this thy plot, compar'd
Elizian fields, are not; do but behold
What glorious ſplendour, here is, every where,
What Orders here, how aptly, every thing
Within their curious knots, and beds, are plac't,
No curious pavements, half ſo neatly wrought,
And then, of glorious flowers, and ſweet Hearbs,
What numbers, rarities, and novelties.
Nature, does truly ſeem, to have compris'd
In this ſmall place, all good, (ſo is it grac't)
In this, or any other world, is plac't.

CHAP. II.

Of Gardens.

And truly great, and worthy to be prais'd,
Is this, thy ſtudy, in the Gardning art;
A ſtudy, *Langius*: or *I* am deceiv'd,
To which, the beſt, and the moſt modeſt men,
Are drawn, by natures ſelf, and pleas'd are in't.
Of which, good proof is, that not eaſily,
Thou canſt another pleaſure name, in which,

The

The best men, of all Nations, in all times,
So fully have consented, and agreed.
View, but the sacred Scriptures, thou shalt see
The *World*, and *Gardens*, one beginning had.
VVhich God, to the first man, for dwelling gave,
As the blest seat, of a most blessed life.
View the prophane; behold the Gardens, of
Adonis, *Alcinous*, and *Tantalus*.
And the *Hesperian Gardens*, talkt are of
In Proverbs, and in Tales, in Histories,
That certain are, and true, there you shall find,
A *Garden*, planted by King *Cyrus* hand,
Light hanging flowers, of *Semiramis*:
And *Massanissa's*, new and famous art
Admired at throughout all *Africa*:
Then 'mongst the ancient *Greeks*, and *Romans* too
How many famous heads can *I* thee shew?
VVho putting of, all publick froward cares,
In this same, pleasing care, have led their lives.
Also in them (thee in one word to shew)
Most wise men, and Philosophers have liv'd,
VVho, far remov'd, from Cities madnesses,
within their Garden bounds, have shut themselves.
'Mongst these, *I* see King *Tarquin*, in old *Rome*,
In's Garden walk, topping the poppies heads.
And censor *Cato*, in this art, was pleas'd,
And of the same, he seriously, did write:
Lucullus too, after his Conquest great,
Of *Asia*, in the same, did take his ease;
And *Sulla*, the Dictator-ship, laid by,

Did

Did ſweetly, in his Gardens, ſpend his age.
And *Diocleſian*, that moſt famous Prince,
His Hearbs, at *Salon*, fore all Scepters pris'd,
Nor from the judgement, of their betters, have,
The vulgar, ere diſſented, who ith ſame,
Their plain, (without ambition) ſoules, have
There truly is in us, ſome ſecrtt force; (pleas'd:
(vvhoſe inward cauſes, *I* can't eaſily ſhew)
VVhich us, unto this harmleſs, and honeſt
Delight, does draw, and, not onely us, who
prone are to't; but alſo thoſe ſevere,
And ſerious ones, whom it deride, and ſcoffe;
Like as, thoſe heavenly fires, none dare behold,
VVithout ſome hidden, and religious fright:
So, nor theſe ſacred riches, of the earth,
And this ſame world, of this inferiour world,
VVithout ſome hidden, ticklings of delight.
Search thou, thy minds mind, and it will thee tell,
That taken 'tis, and fed, with this bright view.
Thy eyes, and ſences, eaſily will confeſs,
That they, no where, more willingly would reſt,
Then, in theſe Garden, rich perfumed beds.
Compaſs a while, *I* pray, theſe flowry troops,
See, this as from a Cup, that, from a Sheath,
This, from a double ſhell, new marching out:
One dying now, another, newly born,
Does take his place, laſtly, in one kind ſee.
The Dreſs, the Form, the countenance, to be,
A thouſand wayes, alike, and varied. (theſe,
VVhat rugged mind, is there, which amongſt

Not

Not ſmoothed is, with ſome ſoft pleaſing (thoughts?
Come forth, thou curious eye, and fix a while,
Upon theſe bright, and glorious aſpects.
See thou, this native *Purple*, that *Sanguine*,
This *Ivory*, that *Flame*, this *Snow*, that *Gold*;
Such, and ſo many colours, as in truth,
The skilfull *Painter*, with his pencill, may
VVell ſtrive to æmulate, but imitate.
He never can; laſtly, what fragrant ſmells,
VVhat piercing ſpirits? and *I* know not vvhat
Of heavenly breath, infuſed, from above:
As if, that by our *Poets*, tvvere not fain'd,
That flovvers made are, of the blood oth' Gods:
O, the true Fountain, of all clear delights,
O, the true reſting place, of *Venus* mild
And of the Graces, O, that it might be,
That *I*, removed, from all City toiles,
In theſe bleſt ſhades, might lead a quiet life!
That I, might wander, vvith a greedy eye,
Among theſe plants, and flovvers, here compos'd,
Brought, from all part, oth' knovvn vvorld, and (unknovvn!
Novv *I*, to this declining, then to that,
Nevv riſing one, my eyes, and hands, might bring:
So vvith, a kind of vvandring error, *I*,
(Of cares and troubles cozend) grief might fly.

CHAP. III.

Of Gardens.

When I, this fiercely, and with eagerneſs
Of voice, and look, had ſpoke, *Langius*, with mild
Aſpect, thou truly *Lipſius*, lov'ſt ſaid he;
This flowry purpled Nymph, but I do feare,
Thou her laſciviouſly, doſt love; for thou,
Doſt Gardens praiſe, but ſo, as thou admir'st,
The vain, and outward things, that in them are,
But, the true genuine pleaſures, thou omit'st,
Thou greedily, the colours doſt behold,
And onely, in theſe beds, thy ſelf doſt reſt, (known
And flowers, doſt ſeek, oth' known, & world un-
And why, I pray; 'tis ſure, that I ſhould know,
Thee, to be one, of the new ſtarted Sect,
Of evill, curious, wicked lazy men,
Who have, the honeſteſt, and the beſt thing,
The inſtrument, of two bad vices made:
Of *Vanity*, and *Sloth*, and for theſe ends,
They onely have, and do their Gardens uſe,
They do, exotique plants, and flowers ſeek,
With ſtrange ambition, and them having got,
So carefully, do guard, and nouriſh them,
As does no mother, do her tender Child.
Their letters, poſt to *Thrace*, to *Greece*, to *Inde*,
And that, for ſome ſmall ſeed, or ſappy root,
They worſe, do bear, the death, of a new flower.

Then an old friend; that *Roman* worthily,
By one was laught at, who his loſt fifth mourn'd,
What then deſerve they, who a plant, do mourn?
And then, if he, in any flower find,
A rare new *Spot*, or *Streake*, he braggs of it,
And's Rivalls, envy him, of which there's ſome
Go home, more ſad, then *Sulla* did of old,
Or fam'd *Marcellus*, when for th' Prætorſhip,
They ſtood, and loſt it, by great *Romes*, no voice.
What ſhall I ſay? a pleaſant madneſs, 'tis;
Much like, to Children, who great noiſe, & ſtirre
About their trinkets, and their *Puppets*, make:
Then, in their Gardens, know, their induſtry,
They ſit, they walk, they yaune, they ſtretch, they ſleep,
Nor put they them, to any other uſe;
But, for their idle, dull retirements,
And graves, as 'twere of ſloath, wretches pro-
VVho from the Sacrifices, of a true (phane,
Myſterious Garden, ought to be expel'd.
For modeſt pleaſure, I know, they were made,
Not vanity; for ſweet reſt, not dull ſloath:
Shall I, ſo cock-brain'd be, as to be proud,
Or be caſt down, for any plant, though rare?
Or I, it get, or loſe, no, I eſteeme,
All things, at their own worth, laying aſide,
All itch, of novelty, I know them plants:
I know them flowers to be, that is to ſay,
Certain ſhort fading tranſitory things,
Of which, the Prince of Poets, aptly ſaid,

The west wind blowing, some do blow,
And others, out oth' world do go.

do not, *Lipsius*, scorn, or these delights,
Or elegancies, as thou plainly see'st;
ut I, them, from *Hortensius* softness change:
Vithout great care, I these things do acquire,
njoy them, without care, and without care,
can them lose. I not so lither am,
ndæd so dead, that I, my self will hide,
nd my self bury, in these Garden shades,
Jo, in this idleness, I business find,
nd here, though nought I do, my mind's, im-
nd toiles it self, though I, no labour use. (ploid,
me never less, alone, then when alone,
ess idle, ne're, then when I, idle am,
aid one; and this, his worthy speech, I dare
ffirm, was in these Gardens bred, and born:
Gardens, were for the mind, not body made;
or that, to recreate in, not this to ease,
rom cares, and troubles, a recess to give:
o men, molest thee; here, thou'rt, with thy self;
oes business, pine thee? here, recover strength;
rom this pure air, as 'twere, new life is breath'd.
o thou maist see, the ancient wise men did,
Gardens live, the skil'd and learned men,
t this day do, in *Gardens*, take delight.
nd in the same, those holy, heavenly writs,
Which we admire, and which no time shall-
or age abolish) for th' most part, were writ,
o that green God, (for all the learn'd acquists,

Oth' natures of all things) we juſtly owe,
Theſe ſhadowed ſchooles, have all good manners (taught,
And out theſe Garden plots, thoſe fruitful ſprings
Of wiſdom iſſued have, of which we drink,
Whoſe plentious floods, have over-ſpead the (world.
And truth, it is, the mind, does more exalt
It ſelf to heights, when it does freely range,
The open Heaven, then when 'tis confin'd,
As 'twere, ith' priſon of a houſe, or Town,
Here *Poets*, make your never dying verſe.
Hear, O ye learned, meditate, and write,
Here, of tranquility, *Philoſophers*;
Of *Conſtancy*, of *Life*, and *Death*, diſpute.
Lo, this of *Gardens*, the right uſe, and end,
Quiet retreat, and meditation,
Reading, and writing *Lipſius*; and all theſe,
Remiſly done, and, as it were in ſport,
As *Painters*, with long looking, their dul'd eyes
Recover, by a kind of Looking-glaſſe,
So we, our weary, and our erring minds,
Do here corroborate, and ſtabliſh firm,
And why, ſhould *I*, my cuſtom, from thee hide?
See, that ſame Gallery, of platted Trees,
That, unto me, the houſe, oth' Muſes is,
Of wiſdom, theſe, my ſchools, and theaters,
Here, I my breaſt, fill full, with reading of
Deep hidden ſecret things, or elſe, do ſow,
My mind, with ſeeds divine, of good great (thoughts
And

And, as we arms, do in an Armory,
So here, *I* precepts, in my mind lay up,
Which ready are, 'gainſt *Fortunes* various force.
As oft, as in this place, *I* place my foot,
All baſe, and ſervile cares, I bid avant,
And with a mind, lift up, *I* do deſpiſe,
The ſtudies, of the rude prophaner ſort,
And the great nothing, in th' affairs of men,
Nay, *I* do ſeem, mans ſelfe, from me to part,
And high, in wiſdoms Chariot bright, to ride;
Doſt think, that here, *I* vext, or troubled am,
What *French*, or *Spaniard* plot, contrive, or act?
Who *Belga's* Scepter, hold ſhall, or ſhall looſe,
Or *Turk*, by Sea or Land, us threat, laſtly,
By what advice, does raign,
The King, oth' frozen main.
No, none of theſe, *I* being cloſe ſhut up,
Safe guarded, 'gainſt all outward things, *I* do,
Within my ſelf remain, free from all cares,
But one, that *I* my broken, and my ſubdu'd mind,
May to right *Reaſon*, and to *God* ſubject:
And to my mind, ſubject all humane things,
That whenſoere, my fatall day, ſhall come,
With manly, not ſad looks, *I* welcom't may,
And go from life, as not caſt out, but ſent.
Theſe *Lipſius*; in my *Gardens*, are my thoughts,
Theſe are my fruits, which truly, *I*le not change,
Whiles, that my mind, within me is in health,
For all the *Perſians*, or the *Indians* wealth.

CHAP. IV.

An admonition to youth.

VVhen *Langius*, this had ſaid, and urg'd the laſt,
VVith a, ſo high, and a, ſo conſtant voice,
He me amaz'd; ſo that, *I* thus broke out,
O happier, then the happieſt man, ſaid *I*;
Happy alike, in quiet, and in cares,
Thou, ſcarce a humane life, in man, doſt lead,
VVhich oh, that *I*, in part, might imitate
Thy foot-ſteps tracing, though at diſtance, 'twere.
Then *Langius*, me correcting, imitate,
Said he; *I*, and excell, not follow me,
Thou, in theſe bleſſings maiſt, but me, out-goe.
I, but a little *Lipſius*; a ſmall way,
Advanced have, into this bleſſed Rode,
Of *Conſtancy*, and *Virtue*, nor do *I*,
As yet, come near, to good, and valiant men,
Though firmer, I, then lither ones do ſtand:
But thou, (of high, and growing ingeny)
Maiſt it attain, to which, Ile be thy guide.
The way, let's go, the way, which ſtraight does (lead
To *Conſtancy*, and firmneſs, of the mind,
The way thereto, I ſay; high wiſdom is,
VVhoſe quiet, and whoſe, equall paths, I pray,
And warn thee to, that thou, no longer fly;
Learning, as yet, and the nine Goddeſſes,
Have taken up thy heart, this does me pleaſe;

For that I know, the mind ſhould be prepar'd,
VVith this ſame pleaſant, and externall skill,
Before it fitted be, for ſeeds divine.
But, 'twill not pleaſe me, if in theſe, thou ſtick,
And A. and Zed. them, of thy ſtudies make.
Theſe, ought to be our rudiments, not works;
Our way, not end; if at a feaſt thou ſit,
Not onely, ſweet delicious cates, thou eat'ſt,
But to thy ſtomach, firm good food, thou giv'ſt:
VVhy, in this publike feaſt, of Sciences
Should'ſt not, do ſo? why, to the confits, of
Poets, and *Orators*, ſhould'ſt not adjoyne,
The firm, ſtrong chine, of deep *Philoſophy*?
I would not have thee, quit them, (don't miſtake)
But take in her, and theſe looſe watry Nimphs,
Do temper, (ſo to ſpeak) with this ſtrong wine.
Thoſe woers, (as in *Homer*) worthily
VVere laught at, who *Penelope*, did leave,
And to her Hand-maids, did themſelves addreſs:
Beware the ſame, ſlight not, this Lady fair.
And burn in love, unto her Miniſters,
'Tis a fair praiſe, O, what a learn'd man's, this;
But fairer this, O, what a wiſe man's, he;
And faireſt this, O, he a good man, is.
Theſe be our chace, we for our labour ſhall,
Not onely gain, to know, but to be wiſe.

It nought availes to know,
Unleſs we wiſely do,

Saies that ſame ancient, and that more true verſe.
How many, at this day, oth' *Muſes* Tribe,

Themſelves, and even learnings name, do ſhame?
Some, thorough their debauſht, and wicked lives,
Others, by being vain, light, heady, proud,
Careleſs, they tongues, & only tongues, do learn,
They *Greek* and *Latine* vvriters, conſter can;
And, as of old, of the *Athenians*
Did *Anacharſis*, wittily report,
They monies had, onely, the ſame to count,
So theſe gain knowledge, only for a ſhowe.
They, in their lives, and deeds, ſo vicious are,
That they, in truth, in vain do letters learn,
Since them, as Miſtreſſes, to their ill deeds
They uſe; who Miſtreſſes, to virtue are,
If rightly us'd, and wiſdom, be adjoyn'd,
To which, good letters, ought prepare our minds,
But not detain, and to themſelves, them keep:
Like as, ſome certain kind of Trees, there are,
VVill bear no fruit, not planted, by their males:
So, theſe thy Virgin ſtudies, ſterile are,
If they, with manly wiſdom, be not joyn'd.
VVhy *Tacitus*, doſt mend: and foul life lead,
VVhy clear *Tranquillus*, and in darkneſs live.
VVhy ſtudiouſly, from filth doſt *Plautus* rince:
Yet ſuffer'ſt, thy own mind, ſo foule to grow.
At length, to better ſtudies, thy ſelf take,
That learning, gain, that's not for pomp, but uſe;
To wiſdom, turn thee, ſhee'le, thy ſloath correct,
She, thy foul troubled mind, will clear, and eaſe,
'Tis onely ſhe, who virtue, can impreſs,

And

And Conſtancy, confirm; 'tis onely ſhe.
Can ope the temple of *Good mind*, to thee.

CHAP. V.

Of wiſhing.

This admonition, chaf't, and heated me,
VVhich *I* hid not, and with my heart ſaid *I*;
And in my deeds, *Old man* Ile follow thee.
O when, will that day come, that will me free
From cares, and me, in wiſdoms paths will ſet,
Thoſe paths, which unto *Conſtancy*, do lead!
Then *Langius*, as 'twere chiding, ſo, ſaid he;
Art thou then *wiſhing*, when as, thou ſhouldſt do,
Moſt vainly; like unto the vulgar rude,
Or as of *Cenëus*, (in the tale) 'tis ſaid,
By wiſhing, he, from woman, turn'd to man:
So thou by wiſhing, from a fool, to wiſe,
From lightneſs, unto *Conſtancy*, wouldſt turn,
But, 'twill behove thee, thine own labour bring,
And with *Minerva*, hand in hand to draw.
Seek, read, and learn: all this I know, ſaid I;
But I thee, *Langius*; alſo do intreat,
To lend thy helping hand, and to weave out
The thred, that yeſterday, thou didſt enloom.
The which, our call to ſupper, ill broke off,
To *Conſtancy*, I ſay, do thou return,
Whoſe intermitted ſacred rights, thou cans't
(Without ſinne offrings) not at all defer.

Then

Then *Langius*, gently movings head, ſaid he,
I will not, in this buſineſs, be embroil'd,
In this ſame place, the which, I'de have thee know
Is conſecrated, to my reſt, not toil;
Therefore, lets go, unto ſome other place,
No here, ſaid I; for unto *wiſdoms* ſpeech,
What place, more fit, then *wiſdoms* houſe can be?
This Arbor, as a *Temple*, is to me,
This Table, as an *Altar*, at which ſate,
Unto this *Goddeſs*, we will ſacrifice,
And, I, as a good Omen, do it take:
As how, ſaid *Langius*; why as thus, ſaid I;
As who, in a Perfumers ſhop, ſhall ſit,
His Clothes, will of the place, the ſcent retain:
So hopes, have I, ſome breath of *wiſdom*, will,
Cleave to my mind, by virtue of the place.
Langius, then laughing, I do fear ſaid he;
Small weight, in this light *Omen*, for to bee.
Yet *Lipſius*, let us go; for Ile not fain,
This thy ingenious heat, hath warmed me,
And as, who skilfull are, in finding ſprings,
Ith' morning watch, where wind, from th' earth (does break,
And thence, a judgement take, of waters hid:
So hopes, have I, a fruitfull field to find
Of virtues, where in youth, ſo great deſire
Of learning, goes before; and breaketh out,
And with that word, he me toth' Arbor brought,
And entring in, he, to the Table ſate;
But I, unto the Boyes, me firſt did turn,

Ho, ye, ſaid I; ſtand faſt, obſerve, but firſt,
Make faſt the door, and hear, ye looſe your lives,
If any living thing here enter in,
Nor Man, nor Dog, nor Woman Ile admit,
No though good *Fortunes* ſelf, her ſelf ſhould come.
Which ſaid, I ſate, but *Langius* laughing loud,
Didſt ever *Scepter* carry, youth, ſaid he;
Thou giv'ſt ſuch *Kingly*, and ſevere edicts,
No, no, ſaid I; but chance of yeſterday.
Me cautious makes, go on, a *Gods* name; pray.

CHAP. VI.

Broils are profitable.

Langius, not pawſing long, did thus begin,
With *Conſtancy* I yeſterday began,
From *Conſtancy*, I *Lipſius*, will not go;
That Order, I will follow, thoſe bounds keep,
I once have ſet, I foure (thou doſt know)
At 'twere *Battalias* made, the which ſhould fight,
For her, 'gainſt grief, and abjectneſs of mind,
Of which, the firſt two, that of *Providence*,
Then of *Neceſſity*, I have brought forth;
And, I, ynough have taught, that *publick Ills*
From *God* are ſent, and neceſſary are,
Nor can, by any flight, eſchewed be.
I now my third *Battalia*, will bring on,
In which, that Legions plac't, which rightly I.

The

Th' aſſiſting one, do call, this *Battel* is,
If thou regard it well, ſubtle, and ſtrong.
By what means, I not know, into our minds
It ſlides, and glides, and with a flatt'ring force,
(We not unwilling) it, us overcomes,
It, rather, creeps into us, then does break
Upon us, rather, does perſwade, then force,
And we, as eas'ly, do our ſelves permit,
For to be caried, by *Utility*:
As, by *Neceſſity*, for to be drawn,
This *Battel*, *Lipſius*, I do now oppoſe,
To thy ſoft Troops, that profitable are,
Theſe *publick Ills*, that we do ſuffer, here,
And inwardly, for our advantage, are;
But, ſaid I, *Ills*, more truly, *Goods*, they are:
If, but Opinions vail, removed be,
And, we to th' riſe, and to the end, do look,
That, from good comes, this, to our good does
The riſe of all theſe *Broiles* (I yeſterday turn.
Did make ynough appear) from *God* proceeds,
That is, not only, from the greateſt good;
But of all goods, the Authour, head, and ſpring:
From whom, as hard it is, that ill, ſhould flow,
As 'tis, that evill, he himſelf ſhould be.
That doing good, and that all ſaving force,
That equally to hurt, and to be hurt,
Does ſcorn, whoſe onely higheſt power is
All good to do: ſo in thoſe darkneſſes,
In which, the ancients, in their minds, conceiv'd
A high, and heavenly *Deity*, to be,

They

They, as their Adjutant, him called *Jove*.
Or doſt thou think, exaſperated, he,
And angry is; and ſo, theſe hurtfull darts (kind?
Does ſcatter, and does throw, 'mongſt humane
Thou'rt widely out; anger, revenge, & ſpight,
Are names, are given to humane *Affects*,
And born of weakneſs, do on weaklings fall.
But that great mind, does alwayes perſevere,
In his benignity, and thoſe ſharp things,
He on us caſts, or to us miniſters,
Like Medicines are, unpleaſant to our ſenſe;
But wholſom, in themſelves, and the event.
That *Homer*, of *Philoſophers* ſaid right,
God does no ill, nor cauſer, is, of ill.
But better, and more deeply, *Seneca*.
Why, do the Gods, do good? their nature, 'tis;
They err, who ever think, they will, or can,
Do hurt, they neither injuries, do take,
Nor do, chief worſhip of the Gods, is to,
Believe in them, and then, to render them
Their Majeſty, I, and their goodneſs too;
Without, the which, there is no Majeſty:
To know, that they do govern all the world,
And all things, as their own, do moderate,
And Tutelage, over man-kind do bear,
Care, they do take of each one, while we live,
Theſe neither have ill, nor ill do they give.

CHAP. VII.

Broils are profitable.

Then *Broiles*, are good, both in their rise, & end,
Because, to good, they still directed are,
I; and to health, thou mutt'rest still, I know,
And how, sai'st thou; do not these *Warres*, and (*Deaths*
Clearly, shew forth, our *hurts*, and *miseries*!
They do, I do confess, if men, thou view'st,
But not, if *God*, which, that thou clearly
Maist apprehend; I shall distinctions need:
Divine broiles, twofold are, *simple*, and *mixt*;
Simple, I call, *which purely, are from God*
Without all intervention, of mans mind,
Or hand, mixt, *which, from God are sent, but so,*
As men are Ministers, to act the same.
Of the first kind, are F*amine*, E*arthquakes*, D*earth*,
E*arth-openings*, *inundations*, *sickness*, *deaths*.
Of this kind, *Tyrannies*, *Oppressions*, *Warres*,
And *slaughters*. In the first all pure, and clear,
Because, they drawn are, from the purest fount:
In these, I won't deny; some filths, are mixt,
Because, that they proceed, and are deriv'd,
From this impure Channel, of *Affects*,
Man, to them intervenes, nere wonder then,
If sin, and mischief; rather, wonder thou,
That *Gods* great mercy, is so provident,

That

That it, this miſchief, to our health does turn,
And this our ſin, unto our benefit.
That Tyrant ſee, who threats, and ſlaughters,
Is highly pleas'd, in that, he can do hurt, (breaths,
Who periſh would himſelf, others to ſpoil;
Let him alone, in madneſs to run on,
And *God*, will with an unſeen Rope, him draw
Unwitting, and unwilling, to his end,
Like, as the Arrow, by the Archer ſhot,
Goes to the mark, unwitting, why, or how,
So fall, all wicked ones, the higheſt force
Does bridle, and reſtrain, all humane ſtrength,
And all, their erring wayes, directs and guides,
To a ſafe end: as, in an Army, there
Are Souldiers, that have divers aims, and ends,
This; plunder, glory that, him hate does arm,
Yet all for victory, and *Prince* do fight:
So, all our good, or bad wills, fight for *God*,
And 'mongſt, variety of ends, do come
Unto (as I may ſay) this end, of ends.
But why, ſaiſt thou, does *God*, make uſe oth' help
Of wicked men? and why, theſe good *Broils* ſends,
He not, at leaſt wiſe, by good Miniſters?
Thou doſt, too curiouſly enquire, O man,
I know not, whether, I, theſe depths may dive;
But this I know, the reaſon of his deeds,
To him eſtabliſht are, though of the ſame
We no account can give, and yet what's here?
Or rare, or wonderfull, we daily ſee,
When as a Governour, of Town, or ſhire,

Does

Does puniſh any, for the Lawes offence,
He does command, that puniſhment to be,
Inflicted, by his ſervile Officers.
The Father of the Family, ſometimes
Himſelf, his Sonne chaſtiſes, and ſometimes,
That Office, to his Servant delegates
Or Schoolmaſter: why ſhould not *God*, I pray,
Have the ſame priviledge? why ſhould not he
When he ſees good, with his own hand, us beat?
And when he pleaſes, by anothers hand,
What injury, or hurt, is here in this?
O but the Servant, angry is with thee, (harm:
A grudge in's mind, does bear, thence wills thee
It matters not, thou him neglecting; look,
Unto the will, of him, that does command;
Thy Father, who exacts it, by doth ſtand,
Who will not ſuffer, thee, one ſtripe to have
Or more, or ſharper, then he does preſcribe.
But why is ſin, incorporated here?
And poyſon of *Affects*, to the Divine
Darts fixt? thou me, unto a craggy hill, (climb,
And ſteep doſt bring, which yet, Ile ſtrive to
That *God*, his wiſdom, & his power, might ſhew,
He judg'd it better, (*Auſtins* words they are)
Of ill things, good to make, then to permit,
No evill things, to be: for who more wiſe?
Or what, can better be? then he, who can
Chuſe good, from ill, and what, for miſchief is
Intruded, can to health, and ſafety turn?
Thou, the *Phiſitian* praiſeſt, who does put

Into

Into his cordiall triacle, vipers blood,
Cauſe wholſom, in th' effect: why *God*, doſt blame
If in the mixture, of theſe humane broils,
He miſchief tempers, without harm to thee.
Who, does all poyſon waſt, and boil away,
By th' ſecret fire, of his *Providence*?
Laſtly, this for his power, and glory makes,
By which, he all things, neceſſarily
Sets forth; for, what can more his ſtrength expres?
Then, that not only, he does overcome
His ſtrugling enemies, but ſo ore comes,
That he, them to himſelf, and to his tents,
Does draw, ſo that for him, they fight, & arms
Do bear, to gain the victory, for him.
Which, daily happens, when, the will of *God*,
In things is ſeen, which was not, by them meant.
When, thoſe things, which the wicked men, do do
Againſt his will, he does, ſo order them,
That they, them cannot do, beſides his will.
And what more ſignall wonder, can there be,
Then, that bad men, bad men, ſhould turn to God?
Come forth a while, thou *Caius Cæſar*, go,
And trample down, at once, two ſacred names,
Thy *Countries*, and a *Sonnes*, but this, thy great
Ambition, thou unwitting, *God* ſhall ſerve,
And thy *Country* ('gainſt whom it was rais'd)
It ſhall repair, and to the *Roman* State,
Shall ſafety bring, and thou, ſtern *Attila*,
Fly from the utmoſt Region, of the World,
Thirſting for blood, and prey, ſnatch, kill, burn,

This cruelty, ſhall only fight, for God,
Nor but an excitation, ſhall it be
To *Chriſtians*, drown'd, in vices, and delights.
And ye *Veſpasians* both *Judea* waſt,
And Jews deſtroy, the ſacred City ſpoil,
But, to what end? for glory, as ye think,
And Empires propagation; but ye erre,
Ye, of divine revenge, the Beadles are,
And Officers, againſt a wicked, and
An impious Nation, and go, ye alſo,
Who though, at *Rome*, the *Chriſtians* martyrize,
Ye in *Judea*, do *Chriſts*, death revenge.
Examples, in all ages, obvious are,
Where *God*, by th' wicked luſts of others, hath
Made known, and exerciz'd, his own good will.
By others, unjuſt wickedneſs, he hath,
His own juſt judgements, largely ſpread abroad
Wherefore, my *Lipſius*; truly, let's admire,
This hidden force, of *Wiſdom*, not inquire;
And let us know, that all theſe *Broils* are good
In their events, though we blind *Moles*, don't ſe
Nor, our dull minds, can unto it attain.
The true ends, of them, oft, to us are hid,
Which, nath'leſs we unwitting, us will reach,
Not otherwiſe, then Rivers, that are rapt
Under the earth, ſo hid, from our eye-ſight,
Do neretheleſs, unto their Sea, run right.

Chr

Chap. VIII.

Of the ends of Broils.

And if it lawfull be, for me to ſpread
The ſailes, and further, lanch this Ship into
The Sea, of things divine, I may perchance,
Some thing, as yet, more pithily diſcloſe,
Of th' ends of *Broils*, this *Homerique* premis'd,
Or, I can bring't about,
Or elſe, it ſelf will do't.
For of them, are which certainly ynough,
Seem comprehenſive, and to be markt out.
There are, of doubtfull, and confus'd aſpect,
Of ſuch ends, as are certain, there's, theſe three,
Of *Exerciſing*, and of *Chaſtizement*,
And end of *Puniſhment*, for but obſerve,
And moſt of theſe ſame *Broils*, do *exerciſe*
The good, or thoſe, that fallen are, *chaſtize*,
Or wicked *puniſh*, all theſe, for our good,
Which Ile illuſtrate, and a while Ile fix
My foot, in the firſt end, we daily ſee,
Even the beſt men, (in theſe *Broils*) are moſt
Oppreſt: or elſe, alike involved are,
Together, with the worſt, this we do ſee.
And wonder, for we don't, the cauſe ynough
Conceive, nor do we, reach unto the end.
The love of *God*, towards us, and not his hate,
The very cauſe is, and the end; is not

For dammage to us, but for our behoof.
For, this ſame *Exerciſe*, not one way, helps,
But *ſtrengthens*, *proves*, *directs*, and does *confirm*.
For, this the School is, in which *God* does teach
And his inſtruct, in virtue, and in *ſtrength*.
We ſee, that Wreſtlers, many hardſhips bear,
Before they're victors crown'd; the ſame muſt w
Think we muſt ſuffer, in this cirque of *Broils*.
Our Maſter, and inſtructor rigid is,
Labour, and patience both, from us exacts,
Not till we ſweat, but even till we bleed.
Why, doſt thou think, he ſoftly us will uſe,
And dandle in delights, and luxury;
No, no, he wont, there many mothers are,
Who with their fondneſſes, their Children ſpoi
And Fathers, who with ſtrict auſterity,
Do them preſerve, he, our good Father is,
Who ſtrictly, and who truly, does us love.
To be good Seaman, ſtorms, muſt thee inſtruct:
To be good Souldier, dangers, thou muſt paſs.
To be good man, why, ſhouldſt afflictions fly?
Then this, no other way to ſtrength, there is (ſha
Doſt ſee, thoſe drooping Trunks, that ſtand ith'
The which the Sun, but ſeldom does behold,
Or winds do wave, or nipping air come neere:
Such, and ſo feeble minds, the happy have.
Whom the leaſt breath, of adverſe fortune, will
Caſt down, & melt, *Broils* then do us confirm
And, like as Trees, that ſhaken are with wind,
Take deeper root; ſo good men, take more hold

Of virtue, when they driven are, with whips
Of dire adverſities, they *prove* men to;
For otherwiſe, how can a man be ſure
Whathe or conſtancy, or firmneſs [illegible],
Should wind, blow alwayes fair ith' poop, no skil
Could then the Pilot ſhew, ſo ſhould all things,
Come happy, to a man, as hee'd deſire,
He could not virtue ſhew, the only rule,
And which none can deceive, afflictions are.
Glorious, and true, it was *Demetrius* ſaid
I nothing, ſo unhappy ſee,
As who, han't felt adverſity.
Our great Commander, does not, ſuch men ſpare,
But them diffides, does not, to them indulge,
But caſts them off, and them in ſcorn, does hold,
He them, from out his legions, does caſhire
For idle, lazy, and unwarlike grooms.
They, do *direct* men to, for in theſe *Broils*,
The ſtrength, and patience, of good men, is ſet,
As 'twere, for to enlighten, this dark World.
By their example, they do others call,
Marking, as 'twere a path, for them to walk.
Bias his goods, I, and his Country, loſt,
Yet cry'd aloud, unto all mortall men
That they, with them, ſhould *carry all their own.*
In bitter torments, periſht *Regulus*,
But of juſt faith, a glorious pattern lives.
By a fell *Tyrant*, was *Papinian* ſlain,
But that ſame ſtroke, ſecurity imprints,
In us, for dying, for ſweet juſtice cauſe.

Laſtly, how many famous men, by force,
And injury, have baniſht bin, and ſlain?
But, from their ſtreams of blood, we daily draw
Virtue, and *Conſtancy*, which nere theleſs,
In darkneſs would lie hid, without this flame
Of *Broils*, as ſpices, their ſweet odours ſpread,
Both far, and near, when as, that they are bruis'd:
So when oppreſt, is *Virtues*, fame diffus'd.

CHAP. XIX.

Of the ſecond end.

Now of the other end, of *Chaſtizement*,
Then which; *I* do deny, that any thing
(Better or milder) can for health, be found,
It helps, and us preſerves, a double way,
Either, in place of rod, when we have ſinn'd,
Or elſe, of *Bridle*, leaſt, that we ſhould ſin.
Of rod; for that, a Fathers part, it is,
His erring, failing Children, to correct:
But of an *Executioner*, though late;
Yet certainly, to puniſh with ſharp death.
As fire, or water, us'd are, ſpots to clenſe,
So unto ſins, are theſe ſame *Broils*, appli'd.
A rod, deſerved *Lipſius*; 'tis to us,
For lately, we of *Belga*, fallen were,
And with delights, and wealth, we grew corrupt
Headlong, we tumbled, in the wayes of vice:
But *God*, in mercy, does admoniſh us,

nd calls us back, inflicting some few stripes,
By which admonisht) that we should return,
nto our selves, or rather unto him.
oods from us took; 'cause them to lust, we us'd,
ur liberty; 'cause we licentious were.
ith this mild ferule, of calamities,
ur faults he purges, and does expiate.
ee's truly mild, pleas'd with so poor amends.
hey say the *Persians*, when their Nobles, they
id punish, they their Clothes, and dress, took off,
hich they hang up, and for their Master whipt:
he same does this our Father, who in all,
hese *chastizements*, not touches us; but our
odies, our Lands, our Wealth, our outward (things.
his *chastizement*, a *bridle* also is,
hich opportunely he restrains us with,
hen for to sin, he does us ready see.
hysitians, providently, let thee blood,
ot, for thou art, but least thou should'st be sick.
o *God*, by these same *Broils*, which he us sends,
he rak't up embers, quenches clean of vice.
or he, the nature of all things, doth know
hat he has made, nor judgement, from the veins,
r colour, of the Patient, takes; but from,
he breast, and closest fibres, of the heart.
e sees the budding *Thuscan* wits too apt;
o stir, he with a *Prince*, does them restrain,
he *Swisse*, more setled, and more mild, to them
e freedom grants, to the *Venetian*, who,
mean does hold, a middle Government,

He gives, and that perchance, in time to change,
When they, themſelves, ſhall change, yet we com-
(plain
And why; 'tis ſaid, ſhould Warres, us longer vex
Then them, why, in more cruel bondage, we;
Thou fool, thou now art truly ſick, indeed,
Wilt thou, in prudence, *God* himſelf, outgoe?
Tell, tell me, why, does the *Phyſitian* mix,
More *Wormwood*, or more *Helebor*, in this,
Then, in that Med'cine, ſurely, 'tis becauſe
This nature, or that ſickneſs, it requires:
The ſame, think with thy ſelf, this people he
More fierce does finde, therefore to be reſtrain'd
With whips, another that's more mild, and may
In civill bounds, be held, he order does,
With th' only ſhew, oth' rod, but this, to thee,
Not right, does ſeem, as if, no matter 'twere,
Whether, the Father, 'cauſe the Child, loud cries,
A Bodkin, or a knife, to it do give.
No, he won't, do't, cauſe danger he foreſees.
Why then, ſhould *God* to us, miſchief indulge,
Who truly, Children are, nor know we, how,
Good things, to ſeek, nor hurtfull, to avoid.
Then whine thou on, if ſo, thou think it good,
Thou neretheleſs, of that ſad Cup, ſhalt drink,
Which *God* (not raſhly) hath fill'd, to the brink.

Chap. X.
Of the third End.

ut *punishment*, to evill men belongs,
it confess, but, 'tis not therefore ill,
ıt rather good, if unto *God*, thou look,
Vhose fixt eternall Law, of justice, does
equire, that or mans sins, corrected be,
r tane away. Now those, that clens'd can be
haſtizement, does correct, but those that can't,
hey, by sterne *punishment*, are tane away.
gain, 'tis good, if unto men, thou look;
or that, society, could not endure,
f all things, unto wicked minds, were free.
or, to each private mans, security
Tis needfull, theeves, and murd'rers, punisht be.
o, to the publick safety, needfull is
ome common, & notorious punishments. (come
Tis needfull, that sometimes, those warnings
To *Tyrants*, & to *Robbers*, oth' whole VVorld
As fit examples, to admonish them
What ere they see, the light of justice is
Examples, which, to Kings, and States, may cry
Warn'd; justice do, and right,
And do not, the Gods slight.
Thirdly, 'tis good, if unto them, thou look,
VVho punisht are, for them, 'cause properly.
This nor revenge, no nor yet vengeance is,

Nor

(Nor ever, does the gentle deity,
Inflict, dire puniſhment,
When hee's, to anger bent.
Said, that ungodly Poet, godlily,)
But a reſtraint, and barre, to vvickedneſs,
As, vvith the *Greeks*, I ſignally may ſay,
This puniſhment, but, this not vengeance is,
As, death in mercy oft, toth' good is ſent,
Before, they wicked are; ſo is deſpair,
Unto the vvicked, in their miſchiefs ſent.
Which, by no other means, they'le part vvithall
(So much they love them) but, by being cut off.
God therefore bridles, their unbridled courſe,
And lovingly, does ſinners take away,
As alſo ſuch, vvho ready are, to ſin.
Laſtly, all *puniſhment* is good, if thou,
To juſtice look, as all impunity,
Is ill, vvhich, is the cauſe, that vvicked men,
That is, that vvretched ſouls, do longer live.
Acutely ſaid *Boethius*, *happier are,*
The wicked men, that here, tormented are,
Then if, that juſtice, with no puniſhment,
Did them reſtrain, the reaſon, renders, too,
Becauſe, ſome good, unto them, has befalne,
That is, this puniſhment, *which, not in all*
The great maſs of their faults, did them befall.

CHAP. XI.

Of the fourth End.

These three ends, *Lipsius*; certain, clear, I,
Have walked thorough, with a steddy foot,
The fourth remains, the which I glimmering,
(For that, 'tis farther off, and more unknown,
Then, that it tract can be, by humane minds)
Do only, as 'twere, through a cloud, behold.
Of it, I may conjecture; but not know,
Ambitiously aspire, but not attain;
The end I mean, it is a common end,
And, at, the *Conservation*, or *beauty*,
Of this whole frame, does strike, then of the first,
I do conjecture, that *God*, who all things,
Did wisely frame, and order, so them fram'd,
That certain number, waight, and measure, he,
To each thing gave; as also to each kind,
He set proportions, they should not exceed,
Without the change, or ruine, of the whole.
So, to those *bodies* great, he bounds did set,
Toth' *Heaven*, toth' *Sea*, toth' *Earth*, so to each
Of living Creatures, a set number points: (kind,
As also, unto *Men*, to *Kingdoms*, *Towns*.
Which, they'd exceed, whence, necessary 'tis
That *Tempests*, *Broils*, and *Troubles*, them should
For otherwise, they hurt, & dāmage would, (wast,
This faireſt, fair work, of the *Universe*.

Yet

Yet, notwithstanding, oft, they will exceed,
And chiefly those, to whom a Law is giv'n,
Of multiplying, and begetting like.
Look upon men, who will deny, but we
Are thicker born, by nature, then so die,
So that, sometimes, but two, of their own stock
VVill in few years, a hundred heads produce,
Of these, untimely, ten, or twenty die.
A Flock of Cattle, numberless, vvill grow
Unless, the Heards man, yearly, some should cull
And chuse out, for the Shambles, birds, and fish
The air, and waters, in short time vvould fill,
'Less strifes, & as 'twere, vvarrs amongst them were
As also, snares, and gins, by man devis'd,
Cities, and *Towns*, are built, in every age,
VVhich, did not fire, and ruine, them invade,
Scarce this, no, nor another world, would hold.
VVith the like thought, thou mai'st perambulate
The nature of all things, what wonder ist,
If Father *Saturn*, sometime, do send in,
To this luxuriant mead, his fatall scithe,
And some superfluous thousands, does mow up
VVith Plague, or vvarrs, which, if, he did not do,
what Country could us hold, what earth us feed?
VVherefore, 'tis just, it perish should in parts,
VVhereby, the whole, eternall may remain.
As, to the *Governours*, of *Common-wealths*,
The peoples safety, is, the chiefest Law:
So is, to *God*, the safety of the VVorld.
Of *BEAUTY*; I conjecture, double make,

First,

First, I do not conceive, that ought can be,
(In this vaſt machine) well adorn'd; without
Variety, and diſtinct, turns of things,
The *Sunnes* bright ſelfe, moſt fair is, I confeſs,
But dewy night, more pleaſing, renders him,
Hid in the mantle, of his ſable damme.
The *Summer*, pleaſant, and delightfull is,
But *Winter*, her commends; and ſets her off,
His Marble Rocks of ice, and milky ſnowes.
VVhich could'ſt, thou take away; thou truly then,
Should'ſt, take away, the ſenſe, and trueſt joy
Of light, and heat, alſo, in this our earth,
One form, delights not, but, I taken am,
To ſee, the *Plains*, and *Hills*, *Vallies* and *Rocks*,
Plow'd *Fields* & *Leyes*, the *Meadows* & the *Woods*,
Scorn, and ſatiety, are evermore,
Concomitants, unto parility.
In this, (as I may ſay) ſcene of our life.
VVhy, ſhould one habit alwayes, or one face,
Me pleaſe, no, no, it cannot pleaſe my mind.
Some *Halcyon*, and ſome quiet times there are,
VVhich, by, and by, the ſtirrs of VVar do break,
And ſtorms, of cruel Tyrants, do invade:
Yet, who would wiſh, this *Univerſe* to be,
Like, toth' dead Sea, without, or wind, or wave.
But, I another *BEAUTY*, do conceive
More ſerious far, vvhich, inward fruit, does bring;
Hiſtorians tell me, that, all moſt all things,
Better, and milder are, after theſe *Broils*,
VVarrs, do indeed, a people ſtir, and *move*,

But

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And chiefly those, to whom a Law is giv'n,
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VVarrs, do indeed, a people ſtir, and *move*,

But

But them, does ſharpen, and for the moſt part
Wits various culture, and good *Arts* bring in.
The *Romans*, a ſharp yoke of old, impos'd
On all the world: but yet, a wholſom one,
In the event, which was; like as the Sunne
Does darkneſs, from our eyes diſpell, ſo it,
Did *Barbariſme*, from the minds of men.
What, had the *Frenchmen*, or we *Germans* bin
Unleſs, enlightned, by that *Empire* great,
Brutiſh, and horible, delighting in
The ſlaughters, of our ſelves, and other folks,
Contemners, both of men, and *God* himſelf.
The ſame, I do foretell, to the new world,
Will happen, which, the *Spaniards* have dra
With wholſom cruelty, and they themſelves
Have now repleniſht, and inhabit it.
As they, who do large nurſeries maintain,
Some Trees tranſplant, others inoculate,
And others, quite cut up: and all theſe things
With skill they do, whereby they fruit may gain
The ſame, does *God*, in this vaſt field oth' world
And ſure he, the knowing'ſt *Gardiner* is.
He, here, ſome burdenous boughs of *Families*,
Does prune, there, leaves of men does pull away
This, helps the ſtock, though they do fall, & fly
About, as ſport, and paſtime to the wind.
He, he does ſee, this Nation, ſcorched up,
Fruitleſs, and barren grown, of virtues all,
He caſts it out, another, he does ſee.
Wild; ſo unfruitfull grown, he it tranſplants,

And ſome, he does confound, amongſt themſelves,
And, as it were, with grafting, does them mix.
Enervated (the Empire falling) ye,
And weak *Italians*, why, ſhould ye enjoy
The beſt oth' earth, give place, & let thoſe fierce,
And ſtrong made *Lombards*, occupy your glebe,
More happily, ye ill, and lither *Greeks*,
Periſh ye all, and let the *Scythians* rude,
Be planted, and grow civill, in your ſoile.
Of Nations, alſo, in confuſion grown
Franks, *Gaul* poſſeſs, ye *Saxons*, *Britany*,
And *Normans*, *Belga*, and her Neighbourhood.
All which, and more, of the events of things,
In *Hiſtories*, my *Lipſius*, readily.
May be found out, by, who ſo will them ſeek.
Let's, then be lifted up, and what ſo ere,
Of harm, does happen to our private ſelves,
Let's know, it profit does, ſome part oth' world.
The ruine of this *State*, and *Kingdom*, is
Anothers *Riſe*, the *Razing* of that Town,
Occaſion does, the building of a new.
Nor any thing, does properly, die here,
But ſuffers change. Shall, only *Belgans* we,
Be highly, in *Gods* favour plac't, ſhall we,
Only, be happy everlaſtingly,
And the white chicks of fortune, ſtill remain?
Fools, that great father, many Children has,
Let's him permit, to foſter, and receive,
Into his boſom, when, and whom, he pleaſe.
We light, have long receiv'd, from the Sun beams,

Now

Now, night is come a while, & that bright light
Is gone, to the *Heſperides*, & ſet.
As he is wont, does *Seneca* to this,
Moſt aptly, and moſt highly, thus proclame,
A wiſe man, nothing grieves, what to him haps,
He knows, that thoſe things, which him ſeem to hurt,
Belong, toth' conſervation, of the whole.
And that *theſe things, which up, and down*
are hurl'd,
Make up the courſe, and buſineſs,
of the World.

CHAP. XII.

Of unequall puniſhments.

While *Langius*, here, a little while did pauſe,
I to him ſaid; as unto Travellers,
In Summer ſeaſon, is a freſh cool *Spring*:
Such is, thy ſpeech to me, it comforts me,
And me, does recreate, and with a ſort,
Of cooling juice, my feavour does allay,
And cool my heat, but, not quite tak't away.
That thorn, ſticks in my mind, which alſo prick
Th' *Ancients*, th' *Imparity* of *puniſhments*,
Why, is it *Langius*; ſo, if that the ſcale,
Of juſtice, equall be, this dart of Broils.
The guilty, does paſſe by,
for the moſt part,
And ſtrikes the innocent,
without deſert.

Why

Why, are ſay I, ſome innocents oreturn'd,
And often *Nephews*, rue *Forefathers* faults?
This, a black darkneſs is, unto my eys,
Which, would thou could'ſt take from me, with (ſome beame,
Of glorious reaſon, *Langius* frowning ſaid;
I would not have thee, riot, run again.
As skilfull Huntſmen, won't their Dogs permit,
To change, but force them, follow their firſt game:
So, I would have thee, only, for to tread
Thoſe Foot-ſteps, which to thee, I have markt out;
The ends, of *Broils*, I have to thee propos'd,
That, if thou'rt good; thou maiſt be *Exercis'd*:
If fallen; by *Chaſtizement* lifted up:
If wicked; *puniſht*, but thou me doſt hale,
To th' *Cauſes*, unconſtant mind, what by this,
Thy over-curious care, and ſearch, doſt mean?
Touch, but thoſe heavenly fires, they will thee (melt,
Clime, *Providence* her Tower, thou'lt headlong fall,
As *Mothes*, and other little animals,
Fly 'bout a Candle, till they burn their wings:
So humane minds, buz, 'bout that ſacred flame.
Render the *Cauſe*, ſaiſt thou; revenge divine
Does paſſe by theſe, and thoſe, does fall upon.
The *Cauſe*; ſafely to ſay, *I* know it not.
That heavenly Court, me never entertain'd,
Nor *Councellor*, to its decrees did make,
This, only I do know, the *Cauſe* 'fore all,
Cauſes what ere, to be the will of *God*.

Then which, who ſeeks another, knoweth not,
The force, and power, oth' divinity.
For neceſſary 'tis, each cauſe ſhould be,
In ſome kind, fore, and greater, then's *Effect*:
But then *God*, and his will, nothing's before,
Nor nothing's greater, ſo not any *Cauſe*.
God, hath pas't by us, or, *God*, hath us toucht,
To ſay, that *God*, has don't, what wouldſt thou
Rightly, and piouſly, did *Salvian* ſay, (more)
The will of God, the chiefeſt juſtice is.
But, yet ſay they, ſome reaſon we require,
Of this *imparity*; from whom? from *God*;
To whom alone, what he thinks fit, is right,
Who, nothing fit does think, but what is right.
If *Servants*, from their *Maſter*, do require,
Or *Subjects*, from their *Prince*, reaſon *exact*:
They *Contumelious*, theſe are *Rebells*, thought.
Does, thy mind, higher riſe 'gainſt *God* himſelf?
Far of, avant, perverſe curioſity,
Not otherwiſe this Reaſon firmly ſtands,
Then, by conſerving it, alone but thou;
When thou haſt done, and haſt aſſaid alwayes,
Out of this darkneſs, thou'lt, not wind thy ſelf,
Nor cans't, toth' councels, nor conſults arive,
Which truly are, *Tacite*. So SOPHOCLES;

The things divine, to know,
Which by th' Gods, hidden are,
In vain thou ſeek'ſt, nor all;
Though, thou wert preſent there.

CHAP. XIII.

Of unequall punishments.

This is the plain, and simple way, this is,
The only safe way, *Lipsius*; all the rest,
Deceitfull are, and slipp'ry, who can stand,
In high divine things, this, one sight there is,
Nothing to see, and this, one knowledge too,
Nothing to know. Yet, 'cause this Cloud of old,
And now, involves mens minds, Ile it unfold,
Unto thee briefly, if at least I can,
And waft, who cannot pass this River ore.
Thou heavenly, and eternall *mind*, (and up
He cast his eyes) give peace to me, I pray,
And give me pardon, if I in these depths,
Do ought, not fully *pure*, and *pious* say,
Since I, do with a *pious* mind it say.
And first, it *Lipsius*; unto me does seem,
That *God*, can unto all his justice spread,
Even at one throw; for, if *God* humane things,
Does *look* upon, he also *cares* for them:
If *care*, he governs them: if *govern*, he,
With *justice governs*; how *unjustly* then?
For, without him, there is no *Government*,
But a rude *Rabble*, and confused *Rout*.
What ist, thou canst, against this *Dart* oppose?
What *Buckler*, or what other *Arms*, (if thou'lt
The truth confess) of humane *ignorance*.
I do not apprehend, saist thou, why these,

Are *punisht*, and those others let go *free*.
'Tis well; wilt thou unto thy *imprudence*,
Therefore joyn *impudence*? 'cause thou dost not
The strength of that divine and pure *Law* take,
Thou peevishly wilt talke, what reason can
Be given 'gainst *justice*, that is more unjust?
If that a *stranger* undertake to judge,
Thy Countries *Laws* and *Institutions*,
Thou bid'st him hold his peace and meddle not,
'Cause that he them not truly comprehends:
And yet wilt thou, an earth inhabitant,
Rashly condemn Heavens unknown decrees?
Thou who the *work* art wilt the *Builder* blame?
Yea and so do let it be lawfull too;
For now I will thee nearer press, and as
Thou dost require, I will examine at
The *Sun* of *Reason*, thy calumnious *Clouds*.
Thou three things dost object, that *evill* ones
He doth not *punish*; who deserves it not,
He *punishes*, that he *one* strikes for *t'other*.
Ith' first place of the *first*, that *evill* ones,
Vengeance divine thou sai'st; ill passes by.
Not passes by, (as I think) but deferrs.
If any one a great debt me does owe,
I can it now require, but give him day.
Dost blame me for thus using my free will:
The same does that great *God*, who when that all
The wicked owe to him a *punishment*,
From some he presently requires it,
To others it deferrs, for to be paid

With

With intereſt; what injury is here?
Unleſs, for *God*, thou art ſolicitous,
And fear'ſt, that he ſhould loſe, by his kind ſtay.
Bnt thou'rt ſecure, O man, for never yet,
Did any one, cheat this high *Creditor*.
We all are in his ſight, where ere we fly,
Yea, in his gripe we are, and in his bonds.
But I, that Tyrant ſaiſt thou, fain would have
Now puniſhed; and by his preſent death,
Make ſatisfaction, for his *cruelties*,
So, would *Gods juſtice*, clearer be to us:
Gods juſtice clearer, or thy *madneſs* rather.
For, who art thou, who *God* in puniſhing,
Not only doſt foreſtall, but alſo doſt,
Preſcribe him times, what; doſt think *God* to be,
Thy Judge, or Officer, at thy Command?
Go, fetch, laſh, cover his face, hang him up,
On the unlucky Tree, for ſo I'de hav't.
O *impudence*! but *God*, wo'nt have it ſo.
Whom, that more clearly, he does diſcerne
'Tis fit thou know'ſt, as that for other ends,
He puniſhes, 'tis *choler*, thee does move,
Thirſt of revenge, does carry thee away,
From which, hee's far far off; of others, he,
Both the example, and correction ſees,
But, he beſt knowes, vvhen profitable 'tis.
And unto whom, great are, the points of time,
And oft, the wholſom'ſt *Phyſick*, turns to hurt
Not given in due time: *Caligula*.
He, in the infancy of's tyranny,

Did take away. *Nero*, to ſpoil, and kill,
A little longer while, he did permit,
Tiberius longer yet, yet do not doubt,
But 'twas to th' good of them, who then com-
Our evill, and not mended manners, do (plain'd.
Require often, yea, and daily ſtripes:
But we, would preſently, that this ſame rod
Be tane away, and, in to th' fire throwne.
One is the reaſon of delay, which us
Does move, another, which moves *God*, to whom
It ſeems innate, *that he unto revenge,*
Proceedeth, with an eaſie gentle pace,
But this delay, compenſeth, with the weight
Oth' puniſhment. Well did *Synecius* ſay

The heavenly light does go,
On orderly, though ſlow.

Nor, thought the Ancients ill, who of this mind
Did fain, the *Gods*, to have, feet made of wooll.
Though thou, doſt boil, in haſt of thy revenge,
Thou ought'ſt not, in ill part, this ſtay to take,
Which, ſuch a *reſpite* is, of puniſhment,
As 'tis thereof, an *augmentation* great.
Tell me, when thou, a *Tragedy* doſt ſee,
Does't trouble thee, if *Atreus*, or *Theyſtes*,
Ith' firſt, or ſecond act, themſelves bear high,
And on the Stage, a while, in pomp do jet,
That they do raigne, do threaten and command.
No ſure it does not, 'cauſe, that thou doſt know
This their felicity, to be but ſhort,
And doſt expect, their ſudden *Tragick* fall.

In this ſame *Play* oth' world, why ſhoulds thou be,
More bent, 'gainſt God, then 'gainſt a *Poet*, light.
That wicked ones, do rage, that Tyrant lives,
So; think this too, that this, the firſt act is,
And this beforehand, high, bear in thy mind
That this joy paſt, ſorrow, and teares remain,
That preſently, the Stage with blood will run,
And thoſe ſame purple Garments, dawb'd with (gold,
(They weltring) in their gore will rowled be.
For, he indeed, our true good *Poet* is,
Nor raſhly, will he break, his tragick Lawes.
Doſt not in *Muſick* alſo, ſometimes bear (cloſe
With notes of *diſcord*, 'cauſe, thou know'ſt ith
They'le all agree? the ſame, do thou do here.
But thoſe are hurt, ſee not this puniſhment;
What wonder? oft, the play is very long,
And they, ith' *Play-houſe*, could not ſtay ſo long.
Others do ſee it, and it them affrights,
Becauſe, in this ſtrict judgement, they do ſee,
Some highly *puniſht*, and yet not *abſolv'd*.
Their pain ſtill lingring, as if't had no end.
Wherefore, my *Lipſius*, this poſition hold,
The wicked ſometimes, are deferr'd, not quit;
Nor, is there any one, beares guilt in's breaſt,
But is, by *Nemeſis*, dog'd at the heels.
That Goddeſs follows him, ſo *Euripid*,

She ſlow, but ſure, in time overtakes,
And whips the guilty, with her Snakes.

Chap. XIV.

Of internall punishments.

All this, that thou more clearly maist know,
For once, thee in to th' *fortress*, of this cause
Ile bring, this know, three punishments divine
There are, *internall*, *Posthume*, *externall*.
The first I call; *which only touch the soul,*
But so as while it in the body is,
Such are *frights*, *anguish*, *fear*, and sorrowings,
And thousand of the conscience *torturings*.
The next *which do the same soul touch, but so,*
As free and from the body now disjoin'd;
Such are those *punishments* which after death
Torment the wicked, as not vainly thought,
The most oth' *Ancients*, those that heathen were.
The third, *which do the body touch, or what*
To it belongs, as *poverty* and *grief*,
Sickness and *banishment*, and *death* it self.
And truly, for the most part 'tis, all these
By *Gods* just judgement on the wicked light,
Ever, most certainly, the former two.
That somewhat I may of th' internall say,
Who ever yet so hardned was in ill,
Who in his breast, some scourgings has not felt,

And

nd hard laid on? or in his wicked *Act*,
r when, that he his wicked *Act* has done?
oſt certainly, *it is of injuries*
e after pang, ſo *Plato* ſaid of old.
nd *Heſiod* ſtronglier, and more truly yet,
ontemporary; not nigh; but in its ſelf,
plac't the puniſhment, of wickedneſs.
nd nothing in this life's ſecure, and free,
ve *innocence*, as by the *Roman* rite,
hoſe, who were to be crucifi'd, did bear
hat *Croſſe*, which preſently, was to bear them:
God, upon the wicked, hath impos'd,
his *Croſſe* of conſcience, in which they do feel,
heir *puniſhments*, before they them do feel.
oſt thou, think only that a *puniſhment*,
hat ſeen is by the eye, by th' body felt.
o, no, all theſe externall pains, do us
t lightly touch, nor do endure long.
hey'r inward ones, that *anguiſh*, with them bring
ore ſick to be, are rightly thoſe eſteem'd,
ho in *Conſumptions*, pine away, and waſt:
hen thoſe, that in a feavour, are ſcorch'd up.
t theſe, the worſe appear. So in that ſame,
oſt ſevere *puniſhment* of wicked men,
ho, with a ſlow and lingring pace, are drawn
o their *eternall* death. *Caligula*,
as vvont in cruelty, for to command,
en ſo ſhould ſuffer, they might feel they dy'd.
his to them happens, vvho, that *Hangman* mind,
oes daily, vvith ſmall pricks, vvound, & torment.

Let

Let not their glory, or large pow'r, or wealth
At all thee move, for this, no more does make
Them bleſt, or happy, then, for to be lodg'd
In velvet beds, does cure them, of the Gout.
Thou, in a play, doſt oft a *Begger* ſee,
That part to play, that perſonates a *King*,
Thou, ſeeſt him beautifull, all deckt with gold,
Yet doſt not envy him; becauſe thou know'ſt
Baſeneſs, and filth, is under his gold hid.
So, of thoſe great proud Tyrants, alſo think,
Whoſe minds, if opened were, (ſaies *Tacitus*)
Their wounds, and hurts, like as (*in bodies*) *ſtripes;*
Might eaſily be ſeen: ſo is the mind,
With cruelty, with luſt, with ill thoughts torn.
They often laugh, 'tis true; but no true laugh.
They do *rejoyce*; but, 'tis no kindly joy.
Not other, then who are condemn'd to dy,
And kept in priſon, ſtrive for to deceive
Themſelves, by playing, or at Cards, or Cheſſe:
But cannot do't, deep printed does remain
The terror, of their neer approaching end.
Nor, from their ſight, at all can be remov'd
The form, and Image, of their dolefull death.
See I beſeech thee, (the vaile laid aſide
Of outward things) *Sicilias Tyrant*, when
The naked Sword, hung ore his wicked head.
That *Roman*, here lamenting, mournfully
Let Gods, and Goddeſſes, all me deſtroy
Rather, then I, me periſh daily feel.
Hear yet another, ſadly *boyling* out,

onely have, nor enemie, nor friend.
These, the true torments, *Lipsius*, are, oth' mind
These, the true griefs, alwayes to be in pain,
Regretting, fearfull, which do thou beware,
For then all racks, 'tis a worse engin farre.

CHAP. XV.

Of Posthume and externall punishments.

To these, those *posthume*, and *eternall* pains,
Let's adde, which clearly ynough, are drawn
From out, the middle of *Theology*,
But not, ynough, made known, let's also adde,
Th' *externall* to, which, though they wanting be,
When as the former, are exacted: yet
Who justly can, the heavenly justice blame?
But, they not wanting are, nere yet was seen,
(Or very rarely) but that openly,
The wicked, and who others, did oppress,
Open, and publick *punishments*, sustain'd:
Sooner, or later, in themselves, or their's,
Seek thou, and see, *Dennis* in *Sicily*,
Rapes, *Lavishments*, and *murthers*, many yeares
Unpunisht act; wait but a little while,
And thou shalt see him, *infamous*, and *poor*,
Banisht; and who, of late a *Scepter* swai'd,
(Who'd think it?) now a *Ferula*, does hold.
That King, of that great *Isle*, at *Corinth*, does
(Fortunes true pageant he) a *School* set up.

Oth'

Oth', other part, thou troubled ſurely art
To ſee great *Pompey*, ith' *Pharſalian* field,
To be orecome, and th' Army for to rage,
E'ene in the Senate houſe, the *Tyrant* to,
Embrue his hands, and wantonly a time,
In civill bloud, to waſh, Ile pardon it;
For why, I ſee the clench of judgement right
Wrencht, even from *Cato's* ſelf, and this ſame (voice
Of doubtfull meaning, from his deep breaſt
All things divine, have much obſcurity. (drawn,
But yet thou, *Lipſius*, and thou *Cato*, too,
Turn but your eyes aſide, a while this way,
And one glance, will y', attone again with *God.*
See the ſame *Cæſar, proud*, and *Conquerour*,
In others, and his own conceit, a *God*,
Even in the *Senate*, and by th' *Senate*, ſlain,
Nor, with one ſingle death, but given him,
By three and twenty, (and by's *friends*) deep (wounds.
He like a Beaſt, lies wallowing in his bloud,
And what would ye have more) in *Pompey's*
And *Pompey's* ſtatue, overlooking him, (Court,
A *Victime* great, offer'd to th' Ghoſt, oth' great.
So even me, it does to pitty move,
Brutus to ſee, in the *Philippick* fields
Both with, and for his Country, for to die:
But I again, in this am comforted,
To ſee ſoon after, thoſe victorious bands,
(As 'twere, a ſacrifice to him) to fall,

Like

like *Gladiators*, by each others hands.
And one oth' Generals, *Mark Anthony*
By Sea, and Land, ore come, ith midst of three
Light women, hardly death, could find, though (sought;
And at the last, gain'd from a *womans* hand.
Where art thou? lately, Lord of the whole East?
Who *Pompey*, and the *State* to pieces tore,
Behold, by cruel hands, thou art hang'd up;
Behold, alive, into thy grave thou creep'st;
Behold, e'ene dying, thou canst not be rid,
Of what, to thee is worse, then death it self.
See, if in vain, was that last fatall wish,
Of dying *Brutus*, sighed from his soul,
O Jupiter, let not go free,
The Authours of this misery.
For he, nor hide, nor could his sad *Fate* fly.
Nor also, could, that other Leader great,
Who (not obscurely) in his age, did grieve
The ills, his wicked youth, did perpetrate.
But far more clearly, in his off-spring shewn.
Let him be *Cæsar*, great, and happy too,
And truly *August*: yet a Daughter dear,
Julia he has, he also has a *Neece*,
And *Nephews* too, all which, he by deceit,
Or cruel force, does loose, or else abdict.
And with these griefs, oppress't, would fain himself
Have starv'd, by four daies fast, but fail'd therein,
He, then at last does, with his *Livia* live
Whom like a Beast, he wedded, so her kept,

Who

Who by his filthy love, did her deſtroy,
And he, from her, by a baſe death did fall.
In ſumme (ſaies *Pliny*) *that ſame God, who did*
By force, or rather by deſert, Heaven ſcale,
By's Heire, the Son of's Foe, from hence was ſent.
Such thoughts, as theſe, my *Lipſius*, ſhouldſt thou (have,
When plaints of wrong, & force, do thee diſturb,
And ever, to theſe two, thy mind ſhouldſt turn,
The ſlowneſs, and variety, of pains.
Who, is not puniſht *now*, to *morrow* ſhall,
Though not in *body*; yet perchance in *mind*,
Though not *alive*; yet certainly when *dead*.
Never, was wickedneſs,
So long by paſt,
Whom lame-foot puniſhment,
catcht not at laſt.
For ever watches, does that eye divine,
Which does but *wink*, when thou it *ſleep* do'ſt (think.
But be thou juſt to him, nor fooliſhly
Accuſe thy *Judge*, by whom thou *judg'd* muſt be.

CHAP. XVI.

All punishments just.

But thou dost say, some undeserving, and
Some harmless, guiltless *people, punisht* are,
This is thy second, and thy next complaint,
Or rather calumny, as I may say;
Rash hair-brain'd youth, how darst thou, thus to speak?
What, are they punished unworthily?
Where, are those *Nations*? where ist, thou hast found,
These *people* without guilt? this *Confidence*;
No, this fond *rashness* is, thou nothing doubt'st,
(Yet find, that single man, that guiltless is)
People, and *Nations*, without sin to find.
Most vain; I know we sin, and all have sin'd,
W'are born in sin, and we in sin, do live,
And th' armory of Heaven, (that I may sport
With the tart *Satyrist*) would have no *Shafts*,
If that a *Bolt*, were at each *sinner* cast.
For, not as fish, who ith' salt Sea are born,
And nourisht, yet no saltness do retain;
Must we so think, that men, in this worlds mire
Can live, and not be mir'd? Now if that all,
Are guilty, where's, that *people* innocent?
Pain, ever justly, coupled is with *Sinne*.
But, thou dost say, the inequalitie,
Does trouble thee, that they are much oppresst,

Who

Who leſs have ſinn'd, they flouriſh, and do raign,
VVho highly, have tranſgreſt; O, iſt e'ene ſo?
I do believe, thou woulds the *ballance* gripe,
Of heavenly juſtice, and with thy own ſence
And waights, thou her woulds poize; for whe-
(ther does
This eſtimate of like, and unlike, look:
Then, that thou doſt 'bove *God*, upon thee take?
But, two things here, thou *Lipſius*; oughtſt to think.
Firſt, others guilt, by men, nor can be priz'd,
Nor ought; for, how canſt thou, but a poor dwarf
Apportion ſins, with an equalitie; (right
VVho, them can't come to know, or with good
Canſt thou theſe ſins diſcern? who can't them ſee
To which, thou eaſily thus, though 'tis the *mind*
That ſins, yet 'tis by th' body, and through
The ſenſes inſtruments, and ſo, as all
The waight, and moment of the ſins, from it,
Which ſo is true, as if, thou woaldſt propoſe,
One, not to have ſinn'd, 'cauſe that unwilling he
Was to have ſinn'd, but, if that it be ſo;
How will you, pray, the ſinns ſelfe clearly ſee?
Who nor his Lodging, nor its ſeat can ſee:
For ſurely, thou anothers mind, can't ſee,
That can't thine own, therefore thy *Vanity*,
Or rather, thy *Temerity* is great,
To dare a cenſure, or an eſtimate,
To make, of what, nor has, nor can be ſeen,
As alſo what, nor has, nor can be known.
Next, thou muſt think in chief, this to be ſo.

That

That here, there's nothing *evill*, nor *unjuſt*.
Not *evill*; 'cauſe to th' good, 'tis of themſelves,
Who ſtraight by divine love chaſtized are,
For their leaſt faults, I and the long delay,
Ought ſtill to be ſuſpected, for that it,
More grievous *puniſhment*, with it doth bring.
Nothing *unjuſt*; becauſe, as I have ſaid,
We every one have *puniſhment* deſerv'd,
Nor ever was that pureneſs in the beſt,
Where were not ſpots and ſtains to be waſht out
With theſe ſalt cleanſing waters of dire broils.
Wherefore young man, this intricate conteſt,
Of eſtimating ſins and guilt, leave off.
Earth creeping judge thou art, leave it to *God*,
Who with much more equality and truth,
Can from his high *Tribunall* judge thereof.
He only 'tis who can deſert diſcerne,
He who without all ſimulations paint
The proper face of *vice* and *virtue* ſees.
Who him ſhall limit? who alike can pry
Into the inward thoughts, and outward acts?
Who both the body and the mind does ſee,
Who tongue and heart, hid things and open ſees,
Who facts not only, but their cauſes too,
And their progreſſion in clear light beholds.
Thales of old being askt, if any one
Doing unjuſtly, might the *Gods* deceive,
He truly anſwer'd; *not in thought ſo much*.
But we oth' contrary, here in a Cloud
Who do not only, not hid miſchiefs ſee,

Which boſom'd are, or which a Cloak do
(weare;
But ſcarce, thoſe open, which are brought to
(light,
For fault, together, with its worth, and force,
We can't diſcern, but ſome externall prints,
Which now are left, and ſtraight, do weare away.
Thoſe, oft to us are beſt, are worſt to God;
And oft, we do reject, whom *God* doth chooſe.
Be wiſe then, and thy mouth, and eyes faſt ſhut
Concerning, who deſerve, or not deſerve:
For *Cauſes* ſo obſcure, cannot be known,
Nor on a flat, by *demonſtration* ſhown.

CHAP. XVII.

Of puniſhments transfer'd.

But the third Cloud of juſtice, by thee rais'd,
Muſt be diſpel'd, to wit of Subſtitutes;
For *God*, ſay they, ſcarce juſtly puniſhments
Transfers, and Children, rue fore-Fathers faults
Ha; what is this, then new, or wonderfull?
I rather wonder, they can be admir'd,
Who *Mimes*, play *Antiques*, daily ore, and ore.
Say, *I* beſeech thee, are not benefits,
Which to th' fore-Fathers, are by th' *Prince* be-
(ſtow'd,
For ſome their virtue, to their Children paſſ'd:
Yes certainly; the ſame's, in puniſhments

(I think) inflicted on them, for their crimes.
Behold in treaſon, or conſpiracy,
Some are in fault, 'tis clear, and others beare
The puniſhment, and humane cruelty,
Hath ſo enacted, by thoſe Lawes ſet forth,
Which guiltleſs Children, with perpetuall want,
Do puniſh, ſo as death, a comfort is,
And life to them, the greateſt miſery.
Ill are your minds, you will unto a King
Or potentate, that grant, you *God* deny.
Whom, if thou it examine, thou wilt find
Hee's not leſs juſt, for this ſeverity.
We all have ſinn'd, and all did Rebells grow,
To this great King, in one, and ſo quite through,
So many ſtocks, the firſt ſpots, are deriv'd
To the unhappy off-ſpring. So this Chain,
And web (as 'twere) of ſin, before *God*, is.
Nor did my Father, or thy Father ſin
B'example led; our *F*athers all have ſin'd,
What wonder then, if the poſterity,
By *God*, are puniſht, for their own delicts,
Not others properly; for that they're joind;
And in the ſeed, are in community:
So never intermitted; but theſe *heights*
For to let paſſe, with thee, I will, in a
More common beaten way of reaſon, deale.
Know this, that God thoſe things conjoyns,
(which we
Through weakneſs, or unskilfulneſs do part,
And *Families*, and *Towns*, and *Kingdoms*, he,

Not as a various, and confus'd thing sees:
But as one body, and one nature, all.
The *Scipio's*, or the *Cæsars* Family
To him's but one, *Rome*, *Athens* unto him
Through all their time, but one, *Romes* Empire (one.
Then sure, some bond of Lawes, and right there is
Some fellowship, which these great bodies knit,
And make, that who, by ages sever'd are,
Pain, and reward, should in communion have.
So you, of old, good *Scipio's* blest your race
('Fore the celestiall *Judge*) by being so.
You that were ill; them curst some years by past
The *Belgians* covetous, lascivious were,
And highly wicked, we their faults do rue,
Because, in all *externall punishments*,
God, not the present only, does behold,
But also, what long since, is past, does see.
And both these times, he equally does weigh
In (of his *Justice*) his not erring skale.
I said, *externall* punishments, and I,
Would have thee, it, observe, for that the sinns
Themselves are not transfer'd, nor are the crime
Confounded (far bee't off) but punishments,
And chastizements, about us, only are,
And not in us, they to our bodies look,
Most properly, or to our wealth; but not
Into th' internall mind, what injury
Is here? we truly would be heirs to all
Rewards, and debts, due to our ancestors:

Why then, their burdens, and their pains refuse.
Thou not deserving, thy fore Fathers faults,
Dost rue, O Rome, sung that same *Roman Bard.*
And truly too, had not he added this,
Without desert; for most deservedly,
Cause their fore-Fathers highly it deserv'd.
The *Poet* only, the effect could see;
But not to th' cause, could rise, as in the self
same man, we rightly punish, in his age
Those crimes, which in his youth committed (were.
So, *States* and *Kingdoms, God,* for old faults (strikes:
Because, ith' reason, of th' externall mass
With *God* but one thing, & conjoin'd they are.
Those intervalls of times, with him, do not
Us separate: whose large capacious mind
Eternity it selfe, within it holds.
For have, those martiall *Woolfs,* so many Towns,
Of old oreturn'd, so many *Scepters* broke,
Unpunished, so cruelly, so much
Blood drawn, they alwayes free from *Blood.*
Then truly, Ile confess *God* not to be
A *vengeance* taker, *who both hears, and sees,*
What ere we do. O, but it is not so;
Pain thats repaid, on their posterity,
Though slow, not late, inevitably falls.
Nor only, is of *times,* but of our *parts*
With *God* this juncture made; for this Ile say,
As in a man when hand, or yard, or guts,

Have faulty bin, all the whole body ru't:
So, in this common croud of humane things,
The faults of few, oft reckon'd are on all.
Eſpecially, if thoſe that ſin, are like
Unto theſe members, that more worthy are.
As *Kings*, or *Princes*, *Magiſtrates*, of whom
Truly ſung *Heſiod* out of wiſdoms cell,

All the whole City, pain,
For one mans faults, do pay,
If any one for gain,
To ſacriledge do ſtray:
Straight Jove, *from Heaven does ſend,*
Plague, *famine them to end.*

So periſhed, all the whole *Grecian Fleet*,

Forth' madneſſes, and wrong,
Of Aiax Oileus ſtrong.

So in *Judea*, ſeventy thouſand men,
One Plague moſt juſtly, (for the unjuſt luſt
Oth King) mow'd up; and ſometimes contrary,
VVhere all have ſinn'd, and *God* hath choſen out
But one, or few, as ſacrifices for
The publick hurt, in which though he did (ſwerve
A little, from the rigid rule, of like,
Yet from that wrong, a new right does ariſe,
And juſtice, merciſull to many is,
VVhich does ſeem cruelty, unto a few.
Does not a *Pedant*, with his ferula
Among his wanton flock, one only ſmite?
The *Generall*, from out his numerous bands

By decimation, does a few chastize ?
Yet both, by good advice, 'cause punishment,
Of few, does warning give, and all do mend.
I oft have seen, *Physitians*, ope a vein
In arme, or foot, when the whole bodies sick :
How know I, but that here 'tis so, for these
Hid secrets, *Lipsius*, are, and if w'are wise,
VVe will no nearer touch this holy fire,
VVhose sparks, and shoots, we men perchance may see;
But not it self, as who their eyes have fixt,
Upon the Sun, their eye sight lose, so, do
They lose all light, oth mind, viewing this light.
'Tis best then, from the danger, to abstain,
Of curious questioning; and let this stand,
For good : humanity, nor can, nor ought,
Harmes estimate, another ballance is,
VVith God, and other judgement seat, and how-
Soere, those judgements do, themselves keep hid
From us, we must them fear, and bear, not (blame.
This only sentence, *I* to thee will urge,
VVith which, to this the last hand *I* will put,
As also stop, the mouthes of *Curion's* all,

Many of Gods decrees, are hid,
But nought unjust, that ere he did.

CHAP. XVIII.

Broils are nor ſharp, nor new.

Theſe, are the Arguments my *Lipſius*, which,
For divine juſtice, 'gainſt theſe unjuſt ones,
I thought fit, to be learn'd, which truly, I,
Confeſs, beſides, nor from my purpoſe is;
For that no doubt, we may more willingly,
(Perſwaded they are juſt) ſuffer theſe *Broils*.
And pauſing here, a while, *Langius* again,
Broke out, and ſaid, 'tis well; I've taken breath,
And all, thoſe Rocks of queſtions, have ore paſt,
And with full ſailes, I ſee, that I can make
Into ſafe harbour, but my fourth, and laſt
Battalia I behold, which willingly,
I will bring on, and as the *Mariners*,
VVhen in a tempeſt, they the *Twins*, do ſee,
They chearfull grow, and do great hopes con-
(ceive:
So I; to whom, after ſo many ſtorms
This twinklike *Legion* doth appear; and ſhew.
Let me, by ancient right ſo call it, pray,
Becauſe two headed 'tis, and 'cauſe two foes,
By it, I muſt orecome, that theſe ſame ills,

VVe

VVe ſuffer, are not grievous, nor yet new,
VVhich while *I* quell, ith' little, that remains,
A willing, and attentive eare, pray give.
Never more willing, *Langius*, anſwer'd I;
For me, it does delight, theſe Cliffes, to'ave paſt,
And from theſe ſearching Medicines, and ſevere,
I long, for this ſame mild, and common one,
For ſo, the title tells me, this will be.
Nor doſt thou erre, ſaid *Langius*; for as do
Phyſitians, after, they have burnt, and cut,
Not preſently, do let the patient go,
But pleaſing foments, do adminiſter,
And comfortable, grief to mittigate:
So I, with thee, who, with the fire, and ſteel
Of wiſdom, I ynough, ſee purg'd to be;
With milder ſpeeches, I will cheriſh thee,
And with a ſoft hand, as they ſay, thee touch,
Down from *Philoſophies*, ſteep craggy hill,
I will deſcend, and thee a while will lead,
Into *Philologies*, moſt pleaſant plains;
In which, I will, thee recreation give
As well as cure, as did *Demochares*,
They ſay, unto *Conſidia*, Noble Dame,
Who, for all ferall *Phyſiques*, ſhe abhor'd,
Did craftily, give her Goats Milk, to drink;
But firſt the Goats, with purging hearbs, he fed:
So, *I* hiſtoricall, and pleaſant ſawes,
Will to thee give, but ſuch, as colour'd are,
With the (of wiſdom) hidden juice, and dy.

No matter 'tis, ſo as the way be ſure,
What way it is, that we the patient cure.

Chap. XIX.

Of vain fears.

But come my *Legion* forth, and thou with which
I firſt of all will fight, my firſt *Cohort*,
Theſe ills, not grievous are, this, wee'le make good
With darts of *Reaſon*, and *compariſon*.
Of *Reaſon*; 'cauſe, if thou do her behold.
In truth nor great, nor grievous, are theſe things,
The which are preſent, or hang ore our heads.
But only, as they ſeem, opinion 'tis,
VVhich them does heighten, and does agravate,
And with a lofty ſtile, does them augment.
But, if thou'rt wiſe, that gathered Cloud diſpell,
And do thou, all things in bright clear light ſee.
As for example; in theſe publick broils,
Thou poverty, death, baniſhment doſt fear.
VVhich, if, with firm, and ſteadfaſt eyes, thou doſt
Behold, how ſmall are they, if that thou doſt
Their waight examine, O how light, are they?
Lo thee, this *Warre*, or *Tyrant* does exhauſt,
By many taxes, what? thou ſhalt be poor.

Nature

Nature, thee ſuch did give, ſuch thee will take;
But, if that ſad, and ſcorn'd name, thee diſpleaſe,
But barter, ſoon provided, thou ſhalt be.
For *Fortune*, thee hath rais'd, to thee unknown,
And, in a ſafer place, thee now hath ſet.
None further will exhauſt, and what thou thought'ſt
To be a ſore hurt, is a remedy;
But, I, may alſo be an *Exile* made;
But, if thou wilt ſo think, a Traveller,
Change thy affects, thou doſt thy Country change,
A *wiſe* man, travells, whereſoere he is;
Fools, ever baniſht are, but *death* to me
Is by the *Tyrant* threatned; as if that,
It daily, were not ſo, by natures ſelf.
But, that *deaths* infamous, which by the axe,
Or halter comes; *O fool*, what death's, not ſo,
Unleſs, thy life make't good, from the firſt frame
Oth' VVorld, the beſt, and the moſt glorious men,
By violence, and force, were ſnatcht away:
This tryall, *Lipſius*, to all things, thou maiſt
(VVhich terrible do ſeem) adminiſter,
I but a taſt thee give, that thou maiſt ſee,
VVithout opinions vail, from whence they come;
But miſerable we, to outward things,
And vain, to turn, nor things themſelves, do fear,
But thoſe ſlight things, that about things, are plac't.
Lo, if ith' *Sea* thou ſaile, and that growes high,
Thy heart miſgives thee, and thou trembling (ſtands,
Not

Not otherwiſe, then if thou ſhipwrackt were;
Thou think'ſt, that thou all this ſhall ſwallow (down,
VVhereas few Gallons, will the turn well ſerve.
If that an *Earth-quake*, ſuddenly ariſe,
VVhat out-cries? and what fears? and thou doſt (think
That if the Town do fall, on thee 'twill fall,
At leaſt a houſe, and *Fool*; doſt not thou know?
To paſh thy brain, ynough's a ſingle tile.
Not otherwiſe, is it, in theſe ſad *broils*,
In which, the out-cry chiefly, us affrights,
And the vain form of things, behold that guard;
Thoſe ſwords behold; what vvill thoſe guards (men do;
VVhat vvill thoſe ſvvords; they'le *kill*, vvhat's (that; 'tis *death*,
And leaſt, the name it ſelf, ſhould frightfull be,
'Tis from the body, a receſs oth' ſoule.
Then all thoſe Troops, and all thoſe threatning (ſvvords,
Do, but, vvhat a poor paltry feavour does,
VVhat does a crum, ſometimes, or a poor fly.
O but this harder is; nay eaſier ſure,
That feavour, vvhich thou vviſh'ſt, vvill oft a year
A man torment, this, in a moment's paſt.
VVell therefore, *Socrates* vvas vvont theſe things
Not other, for to call, then *Bulbeggers*,
Or *Viſards*, vvhich if thou put'ſt on, thou'lt ſee,
Hovv all the boyes, avvay from thee vvill fly,

But

But them laid down, and in thy true face ſeen,
They'le come again, and thee, will play withall;
The ſame, of all thoſe things, which if thou ſeeſt,
Drawn from their perſons, and without their (pomp,
Thou wilt confeſs, thy fear, a childiſh fear.
As hail, with a great noiſe, does daſh upon
The titles, and ſoon leaps off: ſo theſe *Bugbears*,
If they do chance, on a firm breaſt, to fall,
Are broke to pieces, do no hurt at all.

CHAP. XX.

Evills of broils deſcrib'd.

This ſerious ſpeech of his, beſides my hope,
Or my opinion was, ſo breaking out,
Whether doſt go ſaid I? didſt promiſe this;
I ſweetneſs did of *Hiſtories* expect,
Thou ſharpneſs, doſt bring forth, then which (there is
Nothing more pure, in all *Wiſdoms* ſtore.
Doſt think with *Thales*, that thou haſt to do,
With *Lipſius*, thou, a man, and amongſt men,
Who remedies, more humane, does deſire?
Then *Langius*, with a mild, both voice, and look,

I do confeſs, with right, thou doſt me blame;
For, while I follow *Reaſons* purer ray,
I ſee, I, from the publick way have ſtrai'd:
And have, by ſtealth fallen into *wiſdoms* path.
But now Ile mend, and will my foot-ſteps fix
In bounds more known, ſince that the ſharpneſs of
This *Falerne* wine, diſtaſts, I will for thee,
With hony of examples, temper it.
Lo, I unto compariſons do come,
In which, Ile clearly ſhew, that in theſe ills
(Nothing is great, nor nothing grievous is)
Which, all about are ſcatter'd, if they be
Compar'd, with them of old, far greater were
In the old time, and much more to be mourn'd.
Then, I again, with an impatient brow,
This ſaid I; thou doſt ſay, and think'ſt for to
Perſwade me to it, too, but never can'ſt.
Whiles, that I ſee, whiles, that I feele theſe things;
But rightly judge, and ſee, what by paſt age
Was ſo calamitous, as this of ours.
Or is, or's like to be: what people, or
What region, has brought forth *ſo many ills,*
So grievous, to be ſpoke, ſharp, to be born:
As at this day, we *Belgians*: lo, w'are toſs'd,
Both with a *Forraign*, and a *civill* warre,
Nor only ſo, but an *inteſtine* warre,
Not *parties*, only, there amongſt us are,
But, of thoſe *parties*. (O my Country deare,
What ſhall preſerve thee) there new *parties*? are.
Add Plague, add famine, taxes, add and ſpoils,

Slaughters

Slaughters, and tyrannies, that hell out vye.
Oppreſſions, both oth' body, and oth' mind,
Now, in all *Europe*, what warr's like to this?
Or what like warr, is fear'd, then if we peace
Enjoy, 't muſt be, with baſeſt ſervitude,
Joyn'd with, and under, little upſtart Lords.
So not ~~more~~ pleaſant, 'tis, then the worſt warr.
Where-ere thy eyes, or mind, thou doſt convert,
All things ſuſpended, and ſuſpected are,
And as, in a weak ill built houſe, we do,
See many ſignes, that it muſt ruin'd be.
In ſum, my *Langius*, as all *Rivers* flow
Into the Sea, ſo now all *Broils*, do ſeem,
In this one age to meet. I but recite,
What, now in hand we have, and preſent are:
But what, are thoſe, that do hang ore our heads?
Ah wretch, ſo great a Sea I ſee,
Of ills, as hardly ſwomme can be.
Langius, ſeverely here, did bridle me,
And art again, ſaid he, with plaints, thrown down
I thought but now, that thou, didſt firmly ſtand,
And art already, fallen? thy heal'd wounds,
Thou doſt again force ope, but thou haſt need
To give thy mind, ſome reſt; if thou'lt be whole.
Thou ſaiſt, this is, the moſt unhappy age,
This ſong's not new, to me, I know the ſame,
Thy *Grandſire* ſaid; thy *Father*, ſaid the ſame;
I know our *Children*, and poſterity
Will ſay the ſame, by nature, this is plac't
In humane breaſts, ſwiftly, to bend our eyes,

Unto

Unto ſad times, times pleaſant, to paſſe by.
As flies, and ſuch like animals, not long,
Stay in clean places, but on carrion ſtick;
So this complaining mind, flies lightly ore
Mild ſmiling fortune, hard hap can't paſſe by,
But dandles, looks on't, and ingeniouſly
For th' moſt part, it augments, as Lovers do,
Who ever ſomewhat in their *Miſtreſs* find
That's ('fore all others) rare, and excellent:
So do all mourners in their whining grief.
We vain things fain, nor do we only grieve
The preſent ills we bear, but future too;
Of great price ſure is this deep prying wit.
'Tis like, as if the duſt which a far off
Is rais'd by th' motion of an Army, ſhould
Make one, a ſtrong Fort quit: ſo we our arms,
Frighted with a falſe ſhade of future harms.

CHAP. XXI.

Broils compared.

But *Lipſius*, thou, theſe vulgar things, let paſſe,
And follow me, to that *compariſon*,
Thou did'ſt require, by which, thou'lt clearly ſee,
Not only, ſuch like *broils*, in every kind
Have hapned, in times paſt, but greater farre,
Which rather, cauſe of comfort to, this age, (ſaiſt
Then of complaint, may give, with wars thou
W'are toſs'd; what, were there no warrs, of old?
Yes *Lipſius*, warrs, with the worlds ſelf, were born,
Nor, will warrs, ever end, but with the world.
But, not ſo great perhaps, or grievous they,
As theſe, thou ſaiſt; ſo much the contrary.
That all theſe warrs, but paſtimes are, and ſports,
I ſpeak in earneſt) with the old, compar'd.
Scarce or entrance, or way out, can find,
If once I lanch, into this profound Sea,
Of old examples, but wilt thou, that we
A while do travel, through the worlds parts?
Lets go, and at *Judea* let's begin,
At the ſame holy Land, and Nation:
What, they in *Ægipt* ſuffer'd, I paſſe by,

And what they ſuffer'd, after thence they came.
Theſe readily are told, in holy writ.
I come, to their laſt ſcene, and which, was join'd,
And acted, even, at their *Funeralls*.
Which I will thee, as 'twere, by *index* ſhew,
In ſeverall, they, then in civill warrs,
And forraign, ſuffer'd, not in full ſeven years,
Firſt, at *Jeruſalem*, by the command
Of *Florus*, dy'd ſix hundred thirty men;
Then at *Cæſarea*, by th' inhabitants,
(For hate they them, and their Religion bore)
At one time ſuffer'd, twenty thouſand more.
Then at *Scythopolis*, a *Syrian* town,
Fell thirteen thouſand, then at *Aſcalon*,
In *Paleſtine*, fell by th' inhabitants,
Two thouſand, and five hundred, alſo did
Two thouſand more, at *Ptolemais* fall.
In *Ægypt* too, at *Alexandria*,
By the preſident, *Tibere Alexander*,
Fell fifty thouſand, at *Damaſcus* ten,
And theſe, as 'twere in tumult all were ſlain:
But after this, in lawfull open warre,
Were by the *Romans*, when that *Joppa* was
By *Cæſius Florus* tane, eight thouſand and
Four hundred there were ſlain, two thouſand in
Mount *Cabulo*, in fight at *Aſcalon*
Ten thouſand, and again by treacheries,
Eight thouſand, at *Aphaca*, when 'twas tane
Fell fifteen thouſand, in Mount *Garizim*
Eleven thouſand, and ſix hundred fell.

At *Jotapa*, wherein *Joſephus* was,
There dy'd, well near, thirty thouſand more.
Again at *Joppa*, when 'twas tane were drown'd
Four thouſand and two hundred: alſo ſlain
In *Tarich*, ſix thouſand and five hundred.
At *Gamala*, or ſlain, or ſlew themſelves,
Nine thouſand, nor was any perſon ſav'd,
But one poor pair of Siſters, of that Town.
At *Giſcala*, ith' deſert, ſlain in flight
Two thouſand, and of women and infants
Three thouſand taken, ſlain oth' *Gadarenes*
Were thirteen thouſand, and two thouſand and
Two hundred taken, beſides infinite
That leapt into the River and were drown'd.
At *Idumea* in the ſtreets were ſlain
Ten thouſand, at *Gerazim* one thouſand.
At *Machærunta* ſeventeen hundred fell,
th' vvood at *Jardes* were three thouſand ſlain,
th' Caſtle at *Maſſada*, kill'd themſelves.
Nine hundred ſixty. In *Cyrene* were ſlain
by preſident *Catullus*, three thouſand;
And in the City of *Jeruſalem*,
th' whole time of the ſiege, were kill'd or dy'd
Ten hundred thouſand, 97000 tane.
This ſum collected, (numbers infinite
beſides omitted) are twelve hundred and
twice twenty thouſand. *Lipſius*; what doſt ſay?
t this art thou diſmai'd? rather bear up,
nd if thou canſt, the vvars oth' Chriſtian world
ſo few years, compare with the ſad broils

Of this one Nation, yet how ſmall a part
Is it, of Men, or Land, for dwelling free,
If, with all *Europe* it, compared be.

Chap. XXII.

Broils compared.

Nor ſtay *I* here, to *Greece I*le me betake,
In which all warrs, in order to digeſt,
Or 'mong themſelves, or elſe with ſtrangers (wag'd,
Would be too long, nor profit would at all;
But thus, it ſo exhauſted was, and peel'd,
vvith warrs and *broils*, (as *Plutarch* does relate)
vvhom, but with wonder, and with anger too,
J nere do read) that, the whole Country was
Not able, in his age, three thouſand men,
To raiſe for its defence, and yet ſaid he,
So many, in times paſt, to th' *Perſian* warre,
The ſmall Town of *Megara*, furniſht forth.
O, whether art thou fallen, thou flower, o'th' (earth
Unto all Nations, both the Sunne, and ſalt;
There's ſcarce in worried *Belga*, at this day
A Town of any name, that equall can't

Look

This number, with that Sex, that's fit for warre.
Let's now, the *Roman* ſhew, and *Jtaly*,
Oroſius, and St. *Auſten*, eas'd me have,
In this ſame burthen, of review'd accounts,
Look on them, and in them, ſee Seas, of ills
Only, the ſecond *Punick* warre (for I
It curiouſly have ſcann'd) in *Jtaly*,
And *Spain*, and *Sicily* only, did (in
Not compleat ſeventeen years) conſume, and kill,
Much more, then thrice, five hundred thouſand
The civill warre, of *Cæſar*, and *Pompey*, (men.
Three hundred thouſand, more conſum'd the
Of *Brutus*, *Caſſius*, *Sextus Pompeius*, (arms
And why, ſhould I recount the wars, which were
Wag'd, or led on, by many mens conduct?
Behold one *Caius Cæſar* (O the peſt
And fell deſtroyer of our humane kind)
Who does confeſs, and of it too, does boaſt
That by him, in his warres, of men were ſlain
Eleven hundred, ninety, two thouſand:
And ſo, as he in this, did not recite,
The ſpoils, that in the civill vvarres, were made.
In thoſe few years, that he vvas *Governour*
Ore *Spain*, or *France*, he all this number ſlevv.
Yet more then this, did he, who call'd was great,
Who in the *Temple* of *Minerva* wrote,
That by him routed were, & chaſt, and kill'd,
And quarter given too, once, twenty times
A hundred, eighty, and three thouſand men,
To which, as 'twere toth' number, thou maiſt add,

Quintus Fabius, who a hundred, and
Ten thousand *Gauls* slew. *Caius Marius* who
Two hundred thousand *Cimbres*. *Ætius* too,
Who in a latter age, in that same fight
So memorable, fought at *Cataloune*,
One hundred, sixty, and two thousand *Hunnes*
Did slay. Least thou shouldst think the carcases
Of men, were only in these warrs destroy'd,
Towns also fell; *Cato* the *Censor* did (tane,
Make brags, that he, in *Spain* more Towns had
Then there he had bin daies, and *Gracchus* did
(*Polibius* authour) there three hundred raze:)
Nor has there bin, (as I think) any age
Can add, to these examples, our's except,
But in another world; for but a few
Iberians, fourescore years ago did passe
Into those vast, those new, and unknown Lands,
And there, good *God*! what slaughters did they
(make!
I not oth' causes, or oth' right of warre;
But of th' events do speak. I do behold
That vast huge space of Land, (which great I say
Was to be seen, but not to be orecome.)
By twenty, or by thirty Souldiers, it,
Invaded was, who presently threw down,
Those unarm'd flocks, as corn falls by a Scithe.
Where art thou *Cuba*, greatest of all Isles?
Thou *Hayti*, ye *Jucayæ*, who before
Could singly, shew six hundred thousand men?
Nay some ten hundred, scarce now any where

Are of your off-ſpring, fifteen perſons found.
Thou *Peru*, ſhew thy ſelf a while, and thou
The ſhore of *Mexico*, ah wonderfull
And miſerable ſight, that long large tract,
And truly other world, does waſt appear,
As if with fire from Heaven, it had been burnt.
My mind me, *Lipſius*, and my tongue me fails,
While theſe I do recount, and I do ſee,
Our ſufferings all, compar'd with theſe, to be
(As ſaies the Comick) but meer ſnares of ſtraw,
Or ſmalleſt throat-bands, which the work can't do.
I further will relate, that Law of ſlaves,
Then which, ith' wars oth' ancients, nothing was
More bitter, that men born free, and noble,
Children, and women, all, the victor ſnatcht,
Who knowes, but to perpetuall ſlavery,
Moſt certain ſlavery, whoſe foot-ſteps, I
Should joy near to have bin, nor yet to be
th' Chriſtian world, the *Turks*, the ſame uſurp,
Nor is there ought, that us does terrifie
Like it, in the whole *Scythique* tyranny.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIII.

Plague, Famine, Taxes, and Plunders compar'd.

But thou in thy complaints, doſt forward go,
And *Plague*, alſo doſt joyn, and *Famine* too,
Taxes, and *plund'rings*, where, wilt that we
Theſe ſingly, and yet briefly, do compare?
Tell me. how many thouſand hath the *Plague*
In *Belga*, within ſix years ſwept away?
Fifty I think, or largelier for to ſay,
A hundred thouſand, but in *Judea*,
One plague, under King *David*, in one day
Swept ſeventy thouſand, under *Gallus* and
Voluſian Emperours; the *Plague* aroſe
In *Ethiopia*, and invaded all
The *Roman* provinces, for fifteen years,
And did them all, incredibly exhauſt.
Nor ever did I greater murrain, read,
Ith' compaſs of all times, or of all Lands:
But yet, with more impetuous cruelty,
Was that, which at, and about *Byzance*, ragd

Juſtinia

(*Justinian* raigning) whose sole force, was such,
That daily, it five thousand Funeralls made,
And sometimes ten. I fearfully, and with
A doubtfull faith, should speak't, unless, that I,
Most faithfull witnesses, of this thing had,
VVho liv'd at the same time; nor lesse to be
Admir'd, is that plague of *Africa*,
VVhich rising, when that *Carthage* was ore-
Did in *Numidia* only, sweep away, (thrown,
Eight hundred thousand men, and by th' Sea-
Two hundred thousand, and at *Utica*. (coast,
Of Souldiers thirty thousand, who were left
In that same Town, the borders for to guard.
Again in *Greece*, in *Micha'l Duca's* raign
It, did so rage (*Zonara's* words they are)
The live, not able were, t' inhume the deed.
Lastly in *Petrarchs* age, as he relates,
It did, so fiercely rage in *Italy*,
That in some places, of a thousand men
Scarce ten remain'd. Now let's of *Famine* treat,
Our age, hath truly nothing seen, if we
VVill but look back, into old ancient times,
Under *Honorius*, Emperour of *Rome*,
So great a dearth, and scarcity was of food,
That men, did upon one, another fall:
And in the Markets, openly was heard
This voice, *set but a price, on humane flesh*;
Throughout all *Italy* when that the *Gothes*
Under *Justinian*, it devasted had,
Again, so great a *Famine* was, that in

Piceno

Piceno only, fifty thousand men,
Dy'd famished, and then, to th' use of food
Not only, man's flesh, but mans ordure serv'd.
Two women, (Ime affrighted it to tell)
Ith' night, by treachery, killd seventeen men,
And them did eat: they by the eighteenth were
Both slain, he finding out, their fell intent.
I not relate, the sacred Cities dearth,
And some examples, now, by time worn out.
But if, of *Taxes*, somewhat, must be said,
I don't deny, but that they grievous are.
With which w'are prest; but so, as if alone
And by themselves, thou seest, not if compar'd
With those of old; for that, for th' most part all
The Provinces, under *Romes* Empire great
Of all the fruits, rais'd from their Pasture grounds,
They yearly paid, for tribute a fifth part:
And of their plow'd grounds, yearly paid a tenth
And *Anthony*, and *Cæsar*, did exact,
Or nine, or ten years tribute, in one year.
Cæsar being slain, when arms were taken up
For liberty, each Citizen, was forc'd
A five and twentieth part, of's goods to pay.
And thus much more, all that were oth' degree
Of *Senators*, for every tile, that did
Their Houses cover, they six *Asses* paid,
Which was so vast a *Tax*, as by our sence
Nor can be rendred, nor yet credited.
But *Octavianus Cæsar* (I believe,
This was the reason whence he had that name)

Th.

The eighth part, from all freed men did exact,
And took't away, of all the goods they had.
I do omit what the *Triumviri*,
What other *Tyrants* also have atcheiv'd,
Least by reciting, I should our's teach.
Instead of all exactions, and rapines
This one (oth' Colonies) shall to thee serve,
Which being invented, as nought firmer was
For th' strength oth' Empire: so nothing could be
Against the Subjects thought of, more accurst.
For the old *Legions*, and the *Veterane* bands
Were brought into the Lands, & into th' Towns,
And the most miserable people of
The Provinces, were in a moments space
Both of their Lands, & all their goods bereav'd,
Though they nought enterpriz'd, nor it deserv'd.
But wealth, & wealthy Land was held a fault,
In which in truth, a vast gulf did appear,
Of all calamities, a misery
It is, of all our *Treasure* to be spoil'd,
But much more to be thrust from *House* & *Land:*
Ist grievous [illegible] them to be driven; what then?
Ist from our *Country* quite, and *Temples* too?
Behold, of men, some thousands were drawn out,
Children from Parents, Lords from Families,
Wives from their Husbands, & in severall Lands,
According to their lot they scatt'red were.
Some 'mongst the thirsty *Affricans* (as said
The Poet in the self-same thing) and some
Unto cold *Scythia*, or *Britany*;

That

That is divided from the reſt oth' world.
Octavian Cæſar, only in *Italy*
Did, two and thirty Colonies ſet down,
I'th Provinces, as many as he would,
Nor, do I know, that any other thing
Did unto *Spain*, or *Gaule* like miſchief bring.

CHAP. XXIV.

Cruelties compared.

But yet, thou ſaiſt, that now are *cruelties*
And ſlaughters, yet ne're heard; *I* know at what
Thou points, and what it was, was lately done.
But *Lipſius*; on thy faith was no ſuch thing
Amongſt the *Ancients*, O unskilfull thou.
If thou, it doſt not know, malicious thou,
If thou diſſembleſt, for examples are,
So ready, and ſo rife, that pain it is,
To pick, & chuſe, haſt, not known *Sulla's* name;
Sulla the happy, then, thou muſt to know?
That his proſcription, infamous, and ſtern.
By which four thouſand, & four hundred, he,
Did of one city, citizens deſtroy:
And think them not, vile, and *Plebeian* heads,
For of them, ſevenſcore were *Senators*.

Nor

Nor do *I* touch those ſlaughters infinite,
Which openly, were made by his command,
Or by's permiſſion, ſo, not without cauſe.
Did *Quintus Catulus*, unto him ſay,
With whom, hereafter ſhall we overcome
If that in warre, the arm'd, in peace th' unarm'd,
We ſlay, and it not long time after was,
His three *Diſciples*, did him imitate,
(The *Triumvirs I* mean) who likewiſe did,
Three hundred of the *Senators* proſcribe,
And 'bove two hundred of the *Roman* Knights.
O wickedneſs, then which, nothing ere
The Sun hath ſeen, or ſhall ſee crueller;
Or from his riſing to his going down:,
Read *Appian*, if thou wilt, and in him ſee,
The various filthy form of ſuch as hid
Themſelves, of ſuch as flew, or did ſtay ſtill,
Of ſuch as were drag'd out, of Children
Weeping, in each place lamenting wives,
Ile periſh; but thou'*lt* ſay, humanity,
Was periſht in that cruel beaſtly age.
But theſe things acted were, 'gainſt Senators
And Knights, that is, (as 'twere to ſay) againſt
So many potent Lords, and Kings, but not
Againſt the multitude, perchance this rage:
Yes, look and ſee the ſelf-ſame *Sulla*, who,
Did four *Legions* oth' contrary part
(Who had receiv'd his faith) ith open Town,
(And of's deceitfull right hand, all in vain
The mercy did implore) command ſhould die.

Whoſe

Whoſe dying grones, unto the Court did reach
The *Senate* in a fright; to them he turn'd,
This (Conſcript Fathers ſaid he) 'tis, is done;
A few ſeditious perſons, puniſht are
By my command. Nor do I, in this know
What moſt to wonder at, a man ſhould do't,
Or ſay't; and, doſt thou yet examples more
Require of cruelties, take this, in *Spain*
Did *Servius Galba*, the Inhabitants
Convene, of three great Cities, as to act (men
Something for their behoof: ſeven thouſand
(In which, the flowre of their youth was plac't)
He ſuddenly did ſlay. In the ſame place,
Lucius Licinius Lucullus Conſul
Did of the *Caucæ*, twenty thouſand ſlay,
By putting of his Souldiers, into th' Town,
Againſt his faith, of quarter given them.
Auguſtus too, *Peruſium* being tane,
Three hundred, of the Dedititij ſlew,
Whom, he out of both orders choſen had,
As Sacrifices, on an Altar built
To Divus Julius. And *Antoninus*
Caracalla, I know not how incenſt, (us'd,
'Gainſt th' *Alexandrians*, for ſome ſports they
With ſhew of peace, he to their city came,
And all their youth, into a field did call,
So, with his ſouldiers compaſs'd them about,
And the ſign given, ſlew them every one:
He alſo, the like cruelty did uſe,
To th' reſt oth' multitude, ſo that he ſoon

Ex-

Exhauſted, a moſt populous city clean.
Mithridates the King, with's *L*etter did
Full eighty thouſand *Roman* citizens,
(Diſpers'd through *Aſia*, for their traffiques cauſe)
At one time kill. *Voleſus Meſſalla*,
Aſian Proconſul, in one day did ſtrike (corps
Three hundred heads off: and ith' midſt oth'
He proudly walking, with unfolded hands,
As if ſome mighty matter he had done,
He thus cry'd out, O brave, and Kingly deed!
As yet I only of prophane ones ſpeak,
And Heathens; but thou, alſo maiſt behold,
Amongſt the names, devoted to th' true God,
Prince *Theodoſe* (at *Theſſalonica*
By higheſt wickedneſs and fraud) did ſlay
Seven thouſand innocents, whom he conven'd
th' *Theatre*, as 'twere ſome games to ſee,
By ſending in his ſouldiers them amongſt;
Then which baſe fact, nothing more impious has
All old impiety, come after theſe
My *Belgians*, and if ſo you can, accuſe
Of *cruelty*, and of perfidiouſneſs
The Princes of this age, and Ile confeſs.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXV.

That Tyranny is naturall.

Laſtly, thou doſt the *Tyrannies*, that this
Day acted are, much blame, and th' oppreſſions
Of bodies, and of minds, nor do I now
Ambitiouſly, intend, or to raiſe up,
Or to debaſe our age, yet this Ile ſay,
'cauſe it, for our *compariſon* does make;
vvhen was't, I pray? & where, that theſe were not?
Name me an *age*, if ſo thou canſt, without
Some ſignall *Tyranny*, a *people* name,
(For I the perill of this caſt, will beare)
And Ile confeſs with thee, of all that are
Moſt miſerable, w' are moſt miſerable.
VVhy, hold'ſt thy peace, I ſee that true is that
Ancient reproach, *that all good princes names*
May in one Ring be writ, in humane minds,
It is too deeply plac't, command to uſe,
VVith inſolence, nor eaſie iſt, to keep
A meane, in that, that is above a meane.
Even we, who do of tyranny complain,
The ſeeds of tyranny, bear in our breaſts,
Nor is the will in moſt men wanting, but

The means, the *Serpent* idle is with cold;
Yet is she venomous, although that she,
Not casts it forth: in us is the same thing,
Whom only want of power does restrain,
And cold of fortune, that we do no hurt. (most
Give strength, give weapons, and I doubt the
Of them would rage, who now impatient are,
Against those rule. This is exemplifi'd.
Even in our daily life, this Father see.
Stern, I and cruel to his Children dear:
That Lord to's Servants, and that Master to
His Scholars, each in's kind a *Phalaris*.
And they the same waves in a River raise,
That Kings in a great Sea, and is not this
Same nature in all other Creatures plac't, (they
Of which, on their own kind for th' most part
In water, earth, and air do make their prey?

So oft the little fish
Are by the great ones eat:
So also does the Hawke
Kill smaller Birds for meat.

Rightly said *Varro*, these oppressions of
Our bodies are thou saist; but at this day (press:
So high they're grown, that they our *minds* op-
Ist so? our *minds*, see if not enviously
Rather then truly, this deliver'd is,
He seems to me for to be ignorant
Of its cælestiall nature, who does think,
The mind can be oppress't, or be compell'd,
For that no outward force can ever make,

That thou ſhoulds that will, that thou wilt not will:
That thou ſhoulds that think, that thou doſt not (think
Some one, hath power over this minds band
Or tie, none ore it ſelf, a tyrant may,
It, from the body ſolve, but not diſſolve.
Its nature, firy, pure, eternall is.
And ſcorns all violent & outward touch.
O but we may not our minds ſence expreſs;
Bee't ſo, why then a bridles put, unto
Thy *tongue*, not *mind*, not judgement, but thy (deeds
O but this thing unheard of is, and new;
Good man, how thou'rt deceiv'd, how many
I tell thee of, who under *Tyrants*, have (ca
Rud in their ſenſes, their unwary tongues.
How many 'mongſt them, have endeavour'd to
Force ev'n the judgement, judgement I do ſay,
In things of piety. The Kings oth' *Eaſt*,
And *Perſia*, ſought, and got to be ador'd.
And *Alexander*, we do know, did gain
T' himſelf, the worſhip oth' divinity,
His plain *Macedony*, not liking it.
Amongſt the *Romans*, that ſame moderate
And good Prince *Auguſt*, *Flamins* had, and (Prieſ
Ith' Provinces, and in each ſingle houſe,
As if a God h'ad bin. *Caligula*.
Did from the Statues of the *Gods*, cut of

T

he heads, and in the place, his own ſet up
Vith a ridiculous impiety.
he ſame, a Temple to his deity.
nd Prieſts, and ſacrifice did inſtitute.
ero, Apollo, would reputed be,
nd the moſt noble Citizens, he ſlew
y this ſame Law ; *for that they never had,*
n Offe ing made for his cæleſtiall voice.
nd this, *Domitian* openly did hear,
ur Lord, our God, what vanity, nay what
npiety would it be, at this day
any King? what *Lipſius*, wouldſt thou ſay ?
or will I nearer to this *Scylla* ſaile,
ainſt which, do no ambitious winds me drive.
ilont danger, a reward lies ope.
nly will one teſtimony bring,
o this ſame purpoſe, of old ſlavery.
he which, ſhall from thy boſom writer be,
hy *Tacitus*, to which I pray give eare.
e read when Thraſeas Pætus, prayſed was.
Arulenus Ruſticus, and that,
elvidius Priſcus, alſo prayſ'd was, by
erennius Senecion, 'twas Capitall:
or only, unto th' Authours, was it ſo,
ut to their Books, this cruelty did reach.
n Office, delegated was to three,
ſearch the writings of the cleareſt wits,
nd them ith' open Market, for to burn:
in that fire, they thought, the peoples voice,
e Senates liberty, and knowledge of

All humane kind, to have aboliſht quite.
Wiſdoms profeſſors, all were driven out,
And all good arts, were into exile thrown,
That nothing honeſt, ever might appear;
Great proof of patience truly, we did give,
And, as, the age of old, did ſee, what ere
In freedom was; ſo we in ſlavery,
From us, by inquiſitions, taken was,
Commerce of ſpeaking, I, and hearing too.
We memory, together with our voice,
Had loſt, if power of forgetfulneſs,
Had bin as much ours, as to hold our peace.

CHAP. XXVI.

Broils are not new.

I will no more *compariſons* weave in;
I come unto, that other *Battel* of
My *Legion*, which oppugneth *novelty*;
But briefly, and as if it contemn'd:
For it ſhall rather gather up the ſpoils,
Of the already conquer'd enemy:
Then ſharply with him fight with bended fiſt.
For truly, what can here be that is *new*,
To any man, unleſs a novice he

Be in all humane things, wiſely and high
Said *Crantor*, who had this alwayes in's mouth,
Ah me! and why ah me?
W'are, in humanity.
Theſe *Broils*, do daily compaſs us about.
And in a round, they go throughout this round.
Why mournſt? or wondreſt thou at theſe ſad (things?
Not only glad things to enjoy,
O Agawemnon thou,
Wert by thy Father Atreus got,
But joy and grief thou now
Muſt ſuffer; for thou'rt mortall born,
And though thou it refuſe,
The Gods immortall have decreed,
Thou one with t'other uſe.
A greater wonder 'twere that any one,
An out-law, from this common Law ſhould be:
Nor ſhould that burthen bear, which all do bear.
Solon his friend, (who grievouſly did mourn
Th' *Athenians*,) up into a *Tower* led,
And him did all the under houſes ſhew,
Of that great City, ſaying; think thou now,
How many griefs, in times paſt, there has bin,
Under theſe roofs, how many, now there are?
How many are to be, in future times?
And leave to grieve the incommodities
Of mortalls all: as if they were thine own.
I would that the ſame thing by thee were done,
My *Lipſius*, in this vaſt great world; but ſince
That it in act cannot be done, let't paſſe,

And let's awhile aſſay in thought to do.t.
I thee will ſet on high *Olympus* hill,
Thence look thou down upon all Provinces,
All Cities, Kingdoms, and think there thou ſee'ſt
Them all imbroiled with theſe humane broils.
Theſe ſtages are and *Amphitheaters*
In which are acted Fortunes cruel playes.
Nor ſend not far thine eyes; ſee *Italy*,
'Tis yet not thirty years ſince reſt ſhe took,
From ſharp and cruel warres on every ſide,
See ſpacious *Germany*, in her of late
Great ſparks of civill diſcord were rak't up,
Which burn again, and, or I am deceiv'd
Into a more miſchievous flame by farre.
See *Britany*, in her, perpetuall warres
And ſlaughters, and that now awhile
She peace enjoyes, ſhe it to th' Government
Doubtleſs does owe, of that peace loving Sex.
See *France*, O ſee, and pity her; for now
Through all her arteries a *Gangræns* crept,
Of a moſt bloody Warre, nor otherwiſe
*I*ſt ith' whole world, which think on *Lipſius*; and
*I*n th is ſame fellowſhip of miſeries
Eaſe thine, as they who did in tryumph ride
Ever a Servant had plac't at their back,
Who in the midſt of their *tryumphall* joy
Did this, cry out aloud, *thou art a man*;
So let this *Monitor* thee alwayes check,
That theſe things humane are, as *Labour* is

Mor

More light, when as communicate with more;
So *grief* in fellowſhip is not ſo ſore.

CHAP. XXVII.

The concluſion.

I all my forces, and my ſpeech I now
Unfolded *Lipſius*, have, and thou haſt what
For *Conſtancy* 'gainſt grief I have thought fit
For to be ſaid, the which I would to *God*
They might not only pleaſant to thee be;
But wholſom, not delight, but rather help.
And help they will, if not into thy eares
Thou only let them fall, but to thy mind,
Nor heard: them ſuffer for to fall and dry
As ſeed that's ſcatter'd is above the earth.
Laſtly, if ſeriouſly thou them repeat,
And ruminate, and like as fire from flint
Is ſcarce at once ſtruck; ſo in this could breaſt
Not at firſt ſtroke of admonitions, is
Kindled in us a weak and feeble ſtrength
Of *honeſty*, the which that once it may
Truly burn in thee, not in word and ſhew,
But deed and fact. I humbly ſupplicate
That *fire*, that is eternall and divine.

When

When this h'ad ſaid, he haſtily roſe up,
And *Lipſius* I do go ſaid he; for here
The Sun does ſhew me that 'tis dinner-time,
Thou follow me, I gladly will ſaid I;
Since I, as wont in *Miſt'ries* was, may cry,
I Ill have paſt,
And Good embrac't.

THE

The Authours Prayer for *Constancy* in a tedious ſickneſs.

High God; whom Sea ſerves, Earth, and Heaven
whom fading mortalls fear, (bright,
Without whoſe will there's nothing brought to
nor nothing dyeth here. (light,
Help me who languiſh with a feavour vext
ſo that ſmall hope I have,
Grant with my Corps my mind be not perplext,
nor *Conſtancy* me leave.
By various courſe we to that Port do come,
where mortalls all do ply:
Thrice happy he in's life's not ſhipwrackt on
the Rocks of infamy.
Some Fates, Ile follow; earthly cares nor joyes
nor glory hinder ſhall:
Nor of the Muſes the bewitching toyes;
gladly Ile quit them all.
World's eternall mind, I only pray
joyfull riſing on thy glorious day.

Of

Of Prayer.

How ſweet a ſacrifice is prayer?
That with true faith, hope, love, & zeal's ſent up,
I, and with underſtanding too,
Els 'tis as incenſe off'red up with hair,
A ſtink ith' noſtrils, to the Sonne of woe
Beſt drink was turn'd to poyſon in the Cup.

What muffled faith pray they withall
Who God invoke his people to deſtroy?
Damn'd malice them for zeale does ſerve.
What curſed end of hopes do they deſerve,
Who pray (in hope to riſe) others annoy,
And do their mad ambition zeal miſcall?

What deviliſh love does them poſſeſs,
Who blab long prayers weak Widows to devour,
their zeal ſo hot's Idoll deſire. (dreſs.
Some proud of zealous guifts coz'n with prayers
In zealous non-ſenſe others waſt the hour,
Or two, or three, all theſe the ſpirit inſpire.

Curſt ſpirit: thou ſo didſt *Eve* beguile,
Perſwading her, ſhe him, they God might cheat,
and ſtill thou uſing the ſame wile,
'Stead of true prayer doſt ſtuffe men with deceit.

In

In thy prayers no ſtrange ſhap't hypocriſie,
Lord grant then I may pray, (grant *Conſtancy*.)

Our Father which art in Heaven,
Hallowed be thy name, thy Kingdom come,
thy will be done, even in Earth
As it is in Heaven, give us this day
Our daily bread, and forgive us our
Treſpaſſes, as we forgive them that
Treſpaſs againſt us, and lead us not
Into temptation; but deliver us from evill:
For thine the Kingdom, the
Power, and the glory for ever,
Amen.

FINIS.

To the honeſt man, and trueſt friend, and mine, Sir *Elias Hicks* Knight.

Beſt knowledge we arive at error is,
Beſt faith Apocryphall, then this;
For a firm truth affirm we may, that he
Who moſt ſtrives to be wiſe, moſt fool will be,
The Devill fool'd was by his wit,
His witty Engins are ſo yet.
But 'tis miſtake makes poſition true,
Wiſdom does bleſs, 'tis cunning makes men rue.

Yet then ſucceſs dame Fortune raiſe ſo high,
To mock the jealous Deity:
Yet only they, who bowed not, did well,
Great *Alexander* cobbles ſhoes in Hell.
High juſtice *Radamanth* did pleaſe:
Who's beſt in Hell is ill at eaſe.
A woolf leſs mercileſs then men, 'tis ſaid;
Preſerv'd unhurt King *Ead'munds* ſtruck off head.

Trees that take deepeſt root do longeſt live,
Weeds ſoon rot, virtue fame does give:
Who makes firm 'honeſty his baſe ſhall ſtand,
In conſtant goodneſs lead ſhall by the hand,

That's thee; who full of pious will,
In varied good art *CONSTANT* ſtill.
In a foul ſoul bright wiſdom will not dwell,
Only the good man's wife: the reſt hunt Hell.

To my Wife.

There's ſomething in my ſelf I love,
And what it is I now will prove:
It is not wit, that out of door
May well be thruſt, with other poor;
No merit ſure me can flatter,
Unprofitable all we are,
What iſt? 'tis only love, and love of thee,
Who only doſt deſerve belov'd to be.

There's reaſon *ſtrange*; for this my love,
And what it is I now will prove.
It is not 'cauſe thou handſom art,
Yet nature high hath plai'd her part.
Nor 'cauſe my wife, of wives there's more
Are bad, then good, beſides there's ſtore.
Nor that thou lov'ſt me, and art true to me:
What is't, 'tis only 'cauſe that thou art ſhe.

She; ſtrange reaſon ſure of my love,
And what it is I now will prove:
It is becauſe thou loveſt more
And that thou haſt of lovers ſtore,
And though 'tis the vice of woman,
'Tis thy virtue to be common.
The reaſon's plain, *thou haſt a ſoul that's free,*
Belov'd of all, lov'ſt all, CONSTANT to me.

TO ONE

Ile tell a tale of wonder,
My ſoul is rent a ſunder,
And beſt part is kept under.

In a Circle grew my ſmart,
Being charm'd by Magick art,
Thought I kept, but loſt my heart.

Of ſtuffe like glaſſe the cirque made,
Bluſht, and broke when as one ſaid
Words that witch and me betraid.

The Witch was condemn'd by fate,
To be *Pluto's* ſullen mate,
And yet lives in Hell in ſtate.

And

And how is't; I do not die,
How without a hart live I?
Warming beams me vivify.

This great truth but one doth know,
One who can all charms undo
And can eaſe me of all woe.

Conſtant, yet complain of bliſſe,
Wonder not, the truth is this,
Conſtant ruth my glory is.

Brave; in this I've *Donne* out-rid,
Who braver then Worthies did,
Braveſt yet's to keep it hid.

Time this ſecret may deſcry,
Quit me clear of ſurquedry,
And then fame my CONSTANCY.